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THE ENGLISH FLAG.

A LITTLE JOURNEY

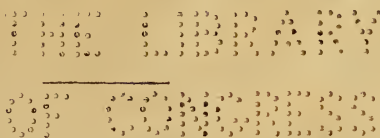
TO

ENGLAND AND WALES

BY
MARIAN M. GEORGE

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FOR INTERMEDIATE AND UPPER
GRADES



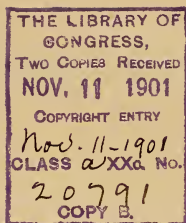
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A Little Journey to England and Wales

AROUND ABOUT LONDON.

We have seen many of the wonders of London, its busy, crowded streets and something of the work that is being carried on in both London and Liverpool. But we have seen little of the homelife of the English people. For this we will go to the country.

When the London season is over, everyone who can afford to do so leaves town. Some go to their country homes, others to Brighton, or the Isle of Wight, or to some seaside or country resort, for a rest or change. Let us go, too.

There is so much yet to be seen that we are tempted to linger awhile longer in this fascinating old London Town. There are so many excursions we might make into the suburbs, if time would but permit. There is the great Crystal Palace, where everyone goes who wishes to study the products and industries of the world. It is a huge building of glass and iron standing in the midst of forests and parks.

Then there are Richmond and Hampton Courts, Kew Gardens, Epping Forest and High Beech. Tourists are sure to visit these places. It is said that a quarter of million persons visit Hampton Court every year. The palace at this place is the largest royal palace in Great

Britain, containing 1,000 rooms. Many years ago it was used as a royal residence, but most of it is now occupied by royal pensioners of the Crown. The people who go there are attracted by the fine picture galleries, and the beautiful grounds.

Greenwich is a pleasant place, too, a little over four miles from London Bridge. Greenwich Park is a favorite resort of Londoners on Sundays and holidays. In the center of this park is the famous Greenwich Royal Observatory. It is at this place that the correct time for the whole of England is settled every day. From this place it is telegraphed to other important towns and cities.

BRIGHTON.

If you will look on the map you will find, as we do, that Brighton is on the sea and directly south of London. It is the most popular of all the seaside resorts in the British Isles. Over 50,000 visitors and tourists go there every year. It is not a pretty place, but the air is clear and bracing, and the bathing fine.

The most attractive place in the town is the beach. Crowds are walking up and down in the sun listening to the music or bathing in the cool sea. Children with bare legs are wading in the water or playing in the sand. There are numberless people in carriages driving about, and houses stretching along the shore. Everyone seems bent upon amusement. A man comes to us and asks us to buy some shells; another fruit, and the third papers. A gipsy wants us to have our fortune told, and a sailor begs us to let him take us out for a sail in his boat. There is a Punch

COUNTY MAP OF ENGLAND & WALES

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Scale of Miles.



and Judy show, too; but all these things we have had elsewhere and so we decide to visit the Aquarium.

This is a place where all kinds of curious fish are kept. What a huge tank! These certainly can not be fishes—they look like plants. But they are fishes—anemones, that live on the rocks in the sea and make the bottom of the ocean look like a beautiful flower-garden. And there are dolphins, too; and porpoises and seals and sea-lions and mackerel and herrings and shrimps—and ever so many more, whose names we do not know.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

“Of all the southern isles, she holds the highest place,
And evermore hath been the great’st in Britain’s grace.”

The Isle of Wight is the one spot in England where “skies are blue and bright” always, and “harsh winds never come.” Its air is soft and pleasant, and thousands of English people go there every year for rest and health and recreation.

To reach this little paradise we must take a steamer, but the channel that divides it from the main-land is less than half a dozen miles.

It was in Norris Castle on this island that Queen Victoria passed many of her happy childhood days, and later she selected this isle as her winter home. In 1840 she purchased an old manor house called “Osborne House” and made it her home for several months each year, for sixty years. It was in this house she passed her last days.

Osborne House is in the midst of a lovely park, sloping down to the beach, and well worth a visit, but the Castle of Carisbrooke is a more interesting build-

ing. To reach it we go through the heart of the island. On either side of the road are blossoming fields with green hedges. Here and there are farm houses, or tiny ivy-covered cottages with thatched roofs, and gardens gorgeous with flowers.



OSBORNE HOUSE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

Carisbrooke is one of the most famous old castles in England. It stands on a hill overlooking the town of Carisbrooke, where it has stood for twenty centuries. If its walls could speak, what wonderful stories they might tell!

Kings have lived within these walls. They are so strongly built that it is thought to have been a Brit-

ish camp long ago. It has been used as a fort, too. The outer wall was added to it for this purpose. The castle is surrounded by a moat and over this the draw-bridge hung. The moat was kept full of water in olden times, and watchmen in the towers were constantly on the lookout for enemies. When the enemy appeared, the bridge was drawn up and there was no way to reach the gate, except to swim across.

The part of this castle that stands higher than the others is called a keep. In the center of the keep is a well three hundred feet deep. In the court-yard is another, two hundred feet deep. The water from this well is drawn up by means of a wheel and a donkey. The people in this castle did not mean to suffer from water famine, you see, in case they were besieged by their enemies. But the castle is in ruins now and its enemies gone, ages ago.

Near the village is the old Whiffingham church, but we only stop for a glimpse, for we want to reach Far-
ingford—which was the poet Tennyson's home for years. The house is not beautiful; but it is in a quiet, peaceful spot, "far from the noise and smoke of town." This was the home where most of his poems were written. But crowds of visitors sought out Tennyson, in this home hidden away in the pine woods, and left him so little time that he was at last obliged to go away from this home, to get time for his work.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Why should people wish to see and talk to this man? Because he was one of England's greatest poets. Alfred Tennyson was born in the little town of Somersby,



WHIFFINGHAM CHURCH, CARISBROOKE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

in a beautiful valley in the northern part of England. When he and his brother Charles were children together they were fond of acting out old-time stories of England. True stories they were, too, and as wonderful and fascinating to the English boys today as to the little Tennyson boys many years ago. For they were of brave knights defending a castle, or their king; or

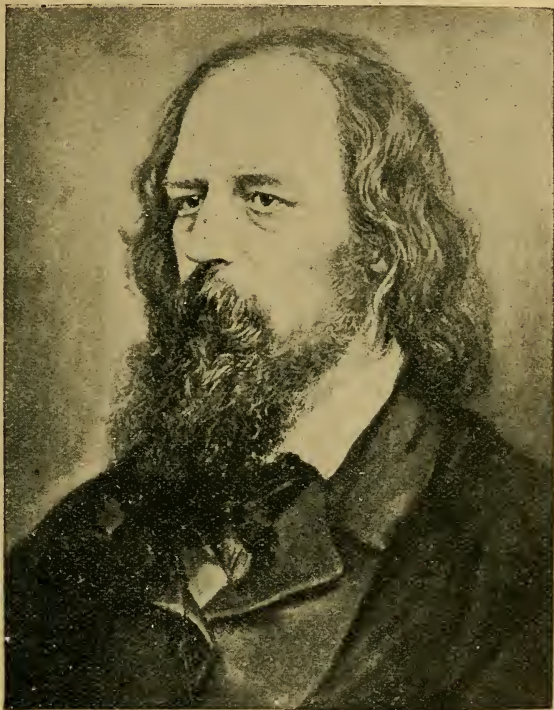


TENNYSON'S BIRTHPLACE.

rescuing some person in distress. They made castles of stones and dug moats or little ditches about them. They carried water and filled the moat. Then one boy would don a kind of armor, and with his spear make a fierce attack upon the castle while the other defended it.

And when Alfred grew up he wrote beautiful poems about the brave deeds of these old English knights and their kings, for he had read them and thought them all out so many times that he knew them by heart.

Alfred's home was not far from the sea, and in the summer the family went to a little town on the sea-shore called Marblethorpe. It was while there that Alfred began to write his poems. He explored the coast carefully and studied the dunes and dykes, the



ALFRED TENNYSON.

salt marsh, the shells and stones, and after a time he put into verse the thoughts that came to him about these things. Among these verses are "The Brook," "The Seashell," and "Break, Break, Break." His later poems are full of pictures of English scenes and

homes, and no modern poet has equaled him as a word-painter. His poems are full of high and noble ideals and are as true as they are beautiful.

As a man he was rich, honored, and sought after by people all over England; but he liked best to remain quietly with his family, and his pen was never idle. Mr. Tennyson had three homes in different parts of England, and beautiful homes they were. But the one in the South of England he loved the best of all, for its windows looked out on his much-beloved sea.

Charles Dickens was one of his friends and was very fond of reading his poems; and so was the Queen, for she made Tennyson Poet Laureate. This is considered a great honor. A Poet Laureate is a court poet for any great occasion.

When he died he was buried in the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey. One thing Tennyson has said which should never be forgotten:—

“Howe’er it be, it seems to me
 ’Tis only noble to be good;
 Kind hearts are more than coronets
 And simple faith than Norman blood.”

ENGLISH HOMES.

“The stately homes of England
 How beautiful they stand!
 Amidst their tall ancestral trees
 O’er all the pleasant land.
 The deer across their greensward bound,
 Through shade and sunny gleam,
 And the swan glides past them with the sound
 Of some rejoicing stream.

* * * * *

The cottage homes of England!
 By thousands on her plains,
 They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks
 And round the hamlet fanes;
 Through the glowing orchards forth they peep
 Each from its nook of leaves,
 And fearless there the lowly sleep
 As the bird beneath the eaves.

Felicia Hemans.

Let us return to the mainland and visit some of the fair country homes of England. English people love country life and, where they are wealthy or can afford to, live there the greater part of the year. The home of the well-to-do Englishman is usually from six to twenty miles from town. It is built on a terrace or set in the midst of well-kept lawns and parks.

But we want also to see England's ruined castles, its stately ancestral halls, its beautiful old manor houses, and the cottages of the peasants, far removed from the city. To do this we must drive through the country, and for a long coaching trip we find the drag the most comfortable and convenient conveyance. It is a long, high-wheeled carriage, something like our Tally-ho coach. From its top one can see much more than from an ordinary carriage.

Nothing could be more lovely than the country in England. We do not wonder that the people prefer to live here.

The road is bordered by rows of stately trees, the roadsides are as neat as a lawn. The vine-covered, thatched cottages are set back in gardens gay with old-fashioned posies. The walks and hedges are trim, the fields without weeds, the barns, sheds and

granaries well built, and every home is carefully fenced or walled about.

As we drive gaily along the smooth, fine country



A COTTAGE HOME.

road, one beautiful picture after another passes before our eyes.

“The green lanes, the thatched cottages, the mead-

ows brightened with wild flowers, the little churches covered with dark-green ivy, the gables festooned with roses, the foot-paths that wind across wild heaths and lonesome fields, the narrow, shining rivers brimful to their banks and crossed here and there with gray and moss-grown bridges, the stately elms with low-hanging branches drooping over a turf of emerald velvet, the sheep and deer that rest in shady places, the pretty children who cluster round the porches of their cleanly, cozy homes and peep at the wayfarer—these are some of the everyday joys of rural England.”

In every part of the country one sees flocks of sheep—on the moors and hills, in the valleys, and always on the farms. The farmers often confine them in hurdles, a basket-work fencing woven from split hazel. These fences are light and easily moved; and as soon as the sheep have eaten the grass from one field, the fences and sheep are moved to another.

The country is cut up into a sort of checker-board by hedges—solid banks of green. The fields are of every size and shape, and each field has its particular name. Every farm has its name, too—a name it has borne for hundreds of years perhaps. These fields and farms and estates remain in the possession of the same family for generations, being handed down from the father to the oldest son.

It is a very difficult matter to buy a farm or estate on this account. The Englishman is very unwilling to part with his ancestral home. The honor of the family demands that it be kept and passed to the next, who bears the name and takes the place of the head of the family.

Much of the land outside of the city belongs to the estates of the nobility. Do you know what is meant by this term? It means members of the royal family or persons who have inherited titles from their ancestors, or had titles given them by their sovereign.



A COUNTRY LANE.

Sometimes titles and lands are conferred upon people for some service rendered the country or its sovereign. In this way much of the land in England has come into the possession of its princes, dukes, barons, lords and wealthy squires.

These estates contain hundreds, even thousands, of acres, and to them we must go if we wish to see the old castles, halls and manor houses that are England's pride.

Many of these homes are in ruins, but their owners will not have them rebuilt or changed in any way. They reverence and value them because of their histories, and because they have been their family homes for generations.

Often, when it is impossible to live in these places, the owners keep the grounds in good condition and throw them open to the public. For the events and people connected with these old places have come to be a part of the history of England, and they are of interest to the whole world as well as to the owner.

We pass shepherds with dogs at their heels, watching their flocks in the meadows; farm laborers carrying their hoes or hooks for hedge trimming, and workmen with baskets of tools. They are going to their day's work. There are carters, too, in white blouses, walking beside tandem teams; and farmers, or gardeners going to market.

A splendid carriage dashes by, with a distinguished looking old gentleman seated within. He is some country squire, perhaps, returning from the city.

It may be that the land lying along this very roadside is a part of his estate. A sudden turn in the road takes him from our view, but a minute more brings us also to the bend and to our eyes the very thing we have been wishing to see—one of England's "ancestral halls,"—a stately and grand old castle.

THE CASTLE.

A castle is the name of the principal residence of a nobleman, when it is also a fortress. In olden times they were compelled to build such strongholds to protect themselves from their enemies. There was little law but might.

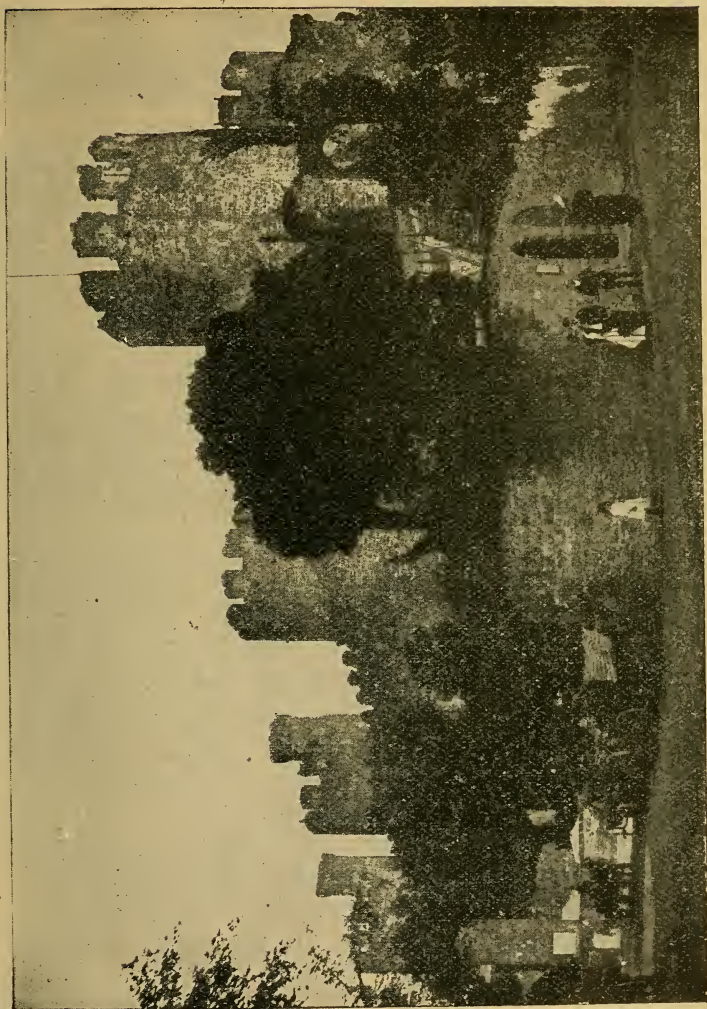
England for many centuries was the scene of constant warfare. The people were often obliged to defend themselves from the attacks of different nations that wished to conquer them.

In their castles the chiefs of clans would gather their own people, their family, soldiers, servants and all who looked to them as their head. The castles were usually built upon islands or high places, that could be easily defended. They had thick walls of stone and were surrounded by deep, broad ditches, or moats, filled with water. Underneath the castles were dungeons for prisoners.

In the center of the castle was a great hall, where the owner could entertain a large company of his friends. At the end of this hall was a place raised higher than the rest of the floor, called the dais, where the chief stood. Near him, at meals, were seated persons of the highest rank, while lower down were those of less importance.

Will *this* castle be like those others of which we have read so often? Perhaps this place has not been the scene of any fierce battles. It is at the top of a hill, but there is no deep moat about it.

The castle before us has many towers and turrets, and its gray stone walls are half covered with the beautiful ivy one sees everywhere in England, and of which



THE CASTLE.

Dickens wrote. The building must cover almost half an acre, and is big enough for a dozen families, and large ones at that. If we might spend just one day there! Perhaps we might be allowed to drive through the grounds.

The castle and grounds are surrounded by a high stone wall, green in places with moss and ivy. There is a great stone gateway, and massive iron gates. Just inside is the lodge-house, also of stone and covered with climbing roses and ivy. The gate-keeper comes out and admits his master's carriage. Through the gates we see a broad, graveled driveway and a lawn as smooth as velvet. Sturdy oaks and sweeping elms lend their shade to the park about the house. Some of these magnificent trees are more than four hundred years old.

The old gate-keeper answers our questions politely and grants our request. His master is very kind to visitors, he tells us, and often allows them to drive through his grounds. Sometimes he is allowed to take visitors through the castle, too, but that is when his master and the family are away. Part of the season the owner must spend in London, for he is a member of the House of Lords. But he is at home now and the house is full of guests. There are forty of these, and others expected, for a hunting party.

Part of the castle is too old to be used. Its walls are crumbling to pieces. When the family is gone, most of the rooms now open are closed, and only the servants' quarters used. Yes, it is a pleasant place to stay. No place in the world is so dear to the gate-keeper. He was born there the same year as his Lordship.

They played together as boys, for his father had been the gardener on the place, and his grandfather too.

His Lordship was fond of him and kind to his children. He had sent them to school and paid for their education. When the gate-keeper is too old to work he will be provided for. His father had been remembered in the former master's will, and this one, he was sure, would not forget him. He had tried to be faithful. Many of the other servants had been at the castle all their lives, too, and their fathers and mothers before them. They were as fond and proud of the place as if it were their own. And no wonder !

The lawns are dotted with flowerbeds of many shapes, and on the grounds are a great flower garden, a market garden, conservatories, graperies, and orchards. There are stables full of fine horses, and kennels for the hunting dogs. Many acres of the estate near the house have been reserved for parks—deer and hunting parks.

These parks or game preserves are cared for and guarded by game-keepers. No one but the master and his friends is ever allowed to hunt or shoot there. If a hunter from the city, or one of the country men should venture to shoot even a partridge, he would be arrested by the game-keepers and imprisoned by the squire.

It must seem very hard for the poor people living near to be obliged to suffer hunger at times, with these great parks full of deer and rabbit, grouse and birds of all kinds, before their very eyes. It seems a pity, too, for so much land to be lying idle when so many poor people in the neighborhood have not even

a garden patch. These poor laboring people think so, too. They think the land should be put to a better use than to provide amusement for a few weeks each year for one rich man.

But the noble lord who owns all these acres cares very little what they think. The land is his, and he means to do what he pleases with it. His hunting grounds are his particular pride, and hunting and shooting his favorite pastime. He entertains a great many of his friends during the hunting season, and this is the gayest time of the year for the people at the great house.

There are big dinners and balls, and garden and hunting parties for the "gentry," and entertainments for the servants.

One of the most exciting events of the year in the country is the fox hunt. This is attended by gentlemen and ladies from many parts of the country. They meet at some central place near the castle, accompanied by their hounds. The holes of the foxes have all been closed; and so there is no place for a fox to go and nothing else to do, when released or raised, but to run for his life.

The men and hounds follow quickly after, jumping ditches, walls, gates, hedges, and turning aside for nothing in the way. It is reckless sport, for many of the riders are thrown and killed every year in the wild effort to reach the fox first. It seems rather cruel sport, too, for the harmless fox has no way of defending himself from his enemies.

But there is a part of this estate we have not seen—the farm lands. We take leave of the kind old gate-

keeper, and follow the road he tells us will lead to the home of a farmer who lives near, and also to a village a little farther on.

THE FARMER.

The great estates and farms of Great Britain are not tilled by the owners. They rent the land to farmers, who employ laborers to do the work. The farmer is the most important tenant of the nobleman,



OLD ENGLISH FARM HOUSE.

or the wealthy country squire. But this farmer does not lead the life of the farmer in America. He never thinks of milking or going out into the fields to plow or reap his harvest.

All this is left to his laborers. He gives orders to his workmen, and acts as a manager only. The

chief farmer of this big estate is a fine-looking man-tall, broad-chested and pleasant-faced. He always wears his leathern riding-gaiters, for he is in the saddle much of the time, riding back and forth between the farms or to town.

His home is a very comfortable one. He takes time to read the morning papers before breakfast, and after breakfast has morning prayers, for he is a devout churchman. The servants are called in for prayers, but the children are not there. They are away at boarding-school in the city, and only come home for the holidays.

The homes of the English are very attractive from the outside, and the yards and gardens and lawns are beautifully kept; but the houses are not so cheerful and sunny as ours, nor so comfortable. The windows have small panes of glass, and are set in such thick stone walls that little sunshine comes through. They lack the conveniences, too, to which one is accustomed in the States.

Come into this house with me. The hall looks bare and rather dark, but the drawing rooms are lighter and very pleasant. The room is crowded with chairs, lounges, tables, cabinets and other pieces of furniture, leaving little room for one to walk about. There is not a rocking chair in the room, and the furniture is dark and rather stiff. But there are flowers, ferns and palms all about, and these brighten the room and make it look home-like.

The dining-room we also find furnished with dark, heavy furniture, and this room is also dark. House-keeping in England is very different from house-keep-

ing in America. Come into the kitchen and see for yourself. What a dingy place! The windows are very small and the walls are blackened with smoke. Instead of a smooth wooden floor, painted or oiled, there is one of blocks of stone, with cracks between the stones.

There is no stove; but, instead, a "Kitchner." This is an iron arrangement built into a brick fire-place. It extends into the room but a few inches. In the middle of the kitchner is a small, open grate in which a fire of soft coal is burning. On one side of the grate is a small iron tank to hold hot water, and on the other, an oven. Sometimes there is no tank for hot water, and then the water must be heated in the teakettle on the grate. The oven holds a joint of meat. When a fowl or joint of meat is to be roasted, it is hung by a chain before the fire and turned and basted until it is cooked through. Sometimes, usually on Sunday, the meat is sent to the public bakery and brought home at noon. Sometimes the cake and tarts are also sent there to be baked. The pots containing the vegetables are hung over the fire on cranes.

The ovens are very small to bake bread. So the mistress usually buys her bread of the baker. Very good bread it is, too, and cheap. Every day the baker's wagon comes to the door and leaves a number of loaves. This furnishes the reason for the great number of baker shops one sees in the cities and towns. In many of these shops nothing is sold but bread and flour; in others, cake and biscuit may also be bought.

Coal is usually used in the open fires in the kitch-

ners, and everything in the room is soon covered with soot unless it is cleaned very often.

The mistress of this home does not try to do as many things as the mistress of a similar home in America. She keeps more servants, because servants are not paid as high wages in England. There is less work in English homes, too. The bread and cake are made by the baker, and the laundry work and dressmaking done outside the home.

Each servant has his or her particular work and is rarely called upon to do extra work without extra pay.

The kitchen is presided over by a rosy-cheeked maid, with a snowy cap. She is preparing the dinner and tells us that this is not a difficult task in England. English people are not so fond of soups, salads, hot breads and desserts as we. They like good roast beef, mutton, and vegetables, and their dinners are simple affairs. For breakfast they like tea, toast, eggs, bacon and marmalade.

When we tell this little maid that it appears to us the English people are always eating, she says, "No; the English do not eat more than the people of America; but they eat oftener."

She says that six meals a day are served in this house, and in many others, and that four are taken by rich and poor alike. A cup of tea is served in bed; then come breakfast, lunch, afternoon tea, dinner, and late supper before bed time.

All English people are fond of tea, and every afternoon, between four and five o'clock, tea is served to the family and friends, or neighbors who happen in for a chat. If one drops in at a cafe or tea-room at this

hour in the afternoon, it is almost impossible to find a seat. Sometimes one is obliged to visit three or four places before room can be found at a table.

The rooms are crowded with shoppers, tourists, business men and their employees—all drinking tea. How odd it would seem to us if the men at home left their places of business in the afternoon to drink tea! But we wish that some of the English people would come to the States and teach the people in our restaurants and lunch rooms how to make dainty bread-and-butter sandwiches, and pound cake.

THE COUNTRY VILLAGE.

On one corner of the estate, and not far from the castle, is a village. At one time it consisted of the laborers and servants on the place, but others have come to make their homes there, and the village now numbers a thousand souls. They are almost all tenants of the lord at the castle.

The village has one long street, with a few two-story houses of brick and stone; but most of the buildings are cottages with roofs of red brick, tile or straw thatch. In the large houses live the steward of the estate, the doctor, and the shop keepers. There is a market place, too, and a town hall and a church; and last, but not least, an inn.

Sometimes the cottages are crowded closely together, and are built directly on the street without even room for a path. Sometimes there is a flower garden in front, separated from the street by a stone wall or hedge. There are flowers in the windows and vines trained over the doors and walls.

These cottages are pictures of neatness. The yards are kept clean from litter, and wherever there is room, trees, bushes, plants and flowers are growing. One thing about this village we notice is that many of the cottages display something for sale. Numbers of the men in the village are mechanics or farm laborers, and their income is small. The wife and children help by keeping a few articles of various kinds for sale. The



A COUNTRY VILLAGE.

stock is always very small—just a few candies or cakes, bread, vegetables, writing materials, school supplies, etc.

For amusement the people have football and cricket matches, band concerts and festivals on the “recreation ground” of the village. They have flower-shows and bazaars in the town hall, for the benefit of the church; annual agricultural product shows; monthly cattle, sheep and horse fairs, and the weekly market-day.

It is at the fairs that the country people best enjoy themselves. There are athletic sports, with prizes given by the Lord of the castle, the squire or the farmer.

The villagers enter heartily into the contests in jumping, throwing, wrestling, sack and wheelbarrow races. There are greased pigs to be caught, and a greased pole to be climbed for prizes hung at the top.

THE VILLAGE INN.

The village inn is a big solid-looking stone building. Its vine-covered walls, gables and dormer windows, and its dainty white curtains, give it a very homelike look. It has a great doorway that leads to an inner court. On either side of the court are the bar and the coffee rooms, and at the far end the stables.

The waiting hostler takes us to the barmaid, who meets us with a pretty courtesy, and leads us to the chambermaid. She takes us up a dark old oak stairway, through a dark hall, and to a pleasant room, where we are to pass the night. There is a cheerful grate fire, a tall old "grandfather's" clock in the corner, easy chairs, and writing materials upon the table.

There is a four-post bed with heavy curtains, and a perfect mountain of a feather bed. What a comfortable place it is. How well we will sleep after our long ride. We may have our meals served in our rooms or in the public coffee room, and we decide to have our supper in our room.

Breakfast is taken in the coffee room; but we are the only guests, and see no one but the servants. Where is the landlady all this time, and the landlord, too? Let us look in at the tap or bar-room. This is

the place villagers drop into for their glass of beer or toddy. It is a plain, bare room, with high-backed settles and deal tables. At the end is a counter, presided over by the rosy-cheeked barmaid. But the landlady is not here. She is in the bar parlor. Only a few favored customers are admitted to this place. This room has an open fire in the grate, a table furnished with writing materials and the morning papers, easy chairs, a rug on the floor, and some bright pictures on the wall. Here, before the fire, the squire and his steward and the farmers are gathered, talking about the crops and sipping ale.

THE LABORER.

In some of the houses of this village of a thousand, the people are packed together almost as closely as in the crowded parts of London. Two or three families often occupy a cottage that would be considered too small for one family in America. In this place and in some others, the farm laborers and other workmen have no vegetable gardens at home, so they rent a plot of land near the village from the squire. This plot is divided into equal-sized strips with paths between, and each laborer has a strip, and pays his share of the rent. In the summer evenings they gather out here, with their wives and children and tend to their gardens. They hoe, and weed, and visit together, finding this, perhaps, the pleasantest part of their day's work.

These laborers are very poor and depend on their daily wages for food; but they can usually find employment throughout the year, as work on the farms in England does not stop in winter as in some other countries.

In the poorer parts of England a laborer receives ten or twelve shillings a week, but in better districts twice that amount. Work begins at six o'clock in the morning and ends at five in the evening. And the English laborer eats oftener than the laborer in the States. At eight, work is stopped half an hour for breakfast; at ten, it is stopped again for lunch; and at



PLOWING WITH OXEN.

noon an hour is taken for dinner and rest. At five, supper is eaten, and just before bedtime another lunch.

The food of the laborer and his family is poor and coarse. Meat is eaten but once or twice a week. The cottages are small and apt to be over-crowded, for the families are large. There are often but two sleeping rooms for a family of eight or ten. It is impossible

for many of the laborers to support their families on their weekly wages. They and their wives and children often do extra, or as they call it "task work," to earn extra money to keep them out of the poor-house.

During the busy season the men work early and late. On some of the farms, mowing machines are used; and on others the mowing is done by gangs of men with scythes. These gangs go from farm to farm, and carry their lunches with them. In their lunch baskets are bread and cheese, and beer or ale is added to this at meal time.

Sometimes the farmer for whom they work sends them their ale.

In September, when the grain is nearly all reaped and the hay harvested, the hop picking begins. The hay and grain fields look bare and brown, or have just been plowed. In the corners of the fields are new ricks with tidy roofs of fresh thatch.

Over in the hop fields are men, women and children pulling the hops off vines and putting them into great baskets. The poles are taken down as needed, that the hops may be easily reached.

Sometimes the women go out in the fields to help the men, and so we find them in the hop gardens, the wheat and hay fields. In the hop fields the vines are fastened to the poles so that they will climb and not run along the ground. Rushes are used to tie the vines, and these are carried in a long bag fastened to the waist.

Hop picking is looked upon as a kind of holiday, and the people come from far and near to the hop regions in September. It is pleasant, healthy work,

and tongues are as nimble as fingers, in the merry groups in the fields. The children work and play by turns, and the grandmothers tend the babies that tumble about on the ground near the hop pickers.

Many who live a number of miles from the fields come in great farm wagons. They bring their



WOMEN WORKING IN THE FIELDS.

bedding and food, and come prepared to stay till the hop-picking season is over. They sleep out of doors or in barns or sheds.

But all do not come in wagons. Many come by train from London, and at the station we see a crowd of rough-looking people, heavily laden with their bags, baskets and household goods, all bent on securing work in the hop fields.

Would you like to see how the hops are dried? Let us stop a minute at this hop kiln. Smoke is issuing from its chimney and a door at one end is open, so one may be able to learn how the hops are dried. How dark it is inside! There are men feeding fires with charcoal and brimstone, and the air is heavy with fumes. It would soon choke one in this place. Let us get outside in the fresh air again.

In some fields we sometimes see four horses used by the ploughman because the soil is so heavy. A boy walks along beside the horses to urge them on, and constantly shouts at them. At one place a laborer is ploughing with bullocks, but we are told these are seldom used now. The steam plow is used now as in the States, and the steam thresher is a familiar sight. Sometimes these engines come steaming along the roads of the country or villages, but our horses have become accustomed to them and do not seem to mind them.

The laboring men are not attractive, and are rude both in manner and speech. They are not neat or clean, and usually carry about with them the odor of tobacco and beer. Their ordinary clothing is rough, usually of corduroy, with straps encircling the leg above the calf to keep the trousers baggy at the knee.

But in spite of their poverty the laboring people as a rule, are contented and cheerful. Their wants are few. If they have food from day to day and a rude home in which to find shelter, they do not worry about the future. They seldom save for old age. If there is any money to spare, it is spent on drink. Drunkenness is very common among them.

If their children do not care for the laborers when old or disabled, there is always the poorhouse, or, as they call it, the Union Workhouse. This is the place where thousands of these people expect to spend their last days. Some of them are quite indifferent about it, but others have a great dread of the poorhouse. They have food and shelter, it is true, but little tea, tobacco or beer. For this reason they think it is a place to be avoided.

THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.

The English people are not so easy to become acquainted with as the people of many other nations. They are not always agreeable traveling companions and do not talk much to those they do not know. But in their own homes we find them to be the most delightful people we have met in all our journeys.

The better class of English people are the most intelligent and refined of any nation. This is not true, though, of the middle and lower classes. But most of the English, as a rule, are honest, truthful and law-abiding. They are a religious people and devoted to their church. The Episcopal Church is the established church of England. On Sunday all the shops, stores, and places of business and amusement are closed. The streets on this day are almost deserted.

The English are fond of outdoor exercise and open-air sports and games. Perhaps it is due to their habit of exercising so much in the open air that they have such good health and fine figures. Where a family is not well-to-do, and it is necessary for the men to live close to their work in the cities, outings at the seaside

or the country are provided and planned for as carefully as food and clothes.

The country people know little of the cities, and most of them live out their lives in or near the vil-



KING EDWARD VII AND FAMILY.

lages where they were born. They never go farther than a few miles from their home, and cling to the ways and customs of their forefathers.

ENGLISH CHILDREN.

There are no children in the world so carefully educated and cared for as the English children. In some ways we find their home and school life much like our own; in other ways quite different. The English children are not allowed to do as they like, as are many American children. They are respectful and obedient to their parents and teachers, and do not expect to have their own way.

During their baby days they are kept in the nursery in charge of a nurse. They are not allowed to romp and run about the whole house, and do not take their meals with the older members of the family, but with the nurse or governess in the nursery. Their table is provided with good, plain food, but with none of the luxuries, not even where the family is very wealthy. Until the boys are sent away to boarding school, and the girls are big girls, they have only this plain food. They have their daily cold bath and out-of-doors exercise and games, under the watchful care of a nurse or governess.

Study lasts but a few hours each day, but their lessons are not all from books. The nurse and the governess must see that correct habits are formed and give lessons in manners and deportment. The boys remain with the governess until the age of eight or ten, and are then sent to a boarding school or day school. The girls remain with the governess until they are seventeen, or attend a private day school and receive lessons from tutors or masters.

These children see very little of other children, and are seldom allowed to play with them. The governess

is their constant companion. She chooses their reading and accompanies them in their out-of-door walks and games.

But there are many children who are not so well cared for. There are thousands of children in Great



A LABORER'S FAMILY.

Britain who must work for their living, in mines or in factories, or in the streets or fields. They have few holidays or games, no toys or books, and the poorest and coarsest of food.

Others have much to do at home, because the mother as well as the father must work to help sup-

port the family. The little girls in these poor families learn early to mind the baby, wash, mend, cook, go to market and care for the home. These children attend the board schools, and have lessons in housekeeping.

The best places to see the English children are the parks. The paths and benches, the shady nooks and grass are home to them. They are there early and late. Most of them are with nurses and governesses, mothers or older sisters. Some walk primly up and down the walks; others romp and visit to their hearts' content.

The parks are the only playgrounds that some of these children possess.

Their homes are small. Sometimes the kitchen is the only living room, and if the children stay indoors they are in the way. So they come to the parks. Many of them go without hats or bonnets, but none go barefoot. Some of the lassies wear white bonnets with frills about their faces and remind us of daisies. But neither boys nor girls care much for a covering for the head or face, for the sun does not scorch the face as in America.

The summer dress of a child in skirts has no sleeves, and on a chilly day the arms are very apt to look red or purple. The knees are also bare, for the stockings come up only a couple of inches above the shoe tops. Rubbers are seldom worn, as their shoes have very thick soles. Such clumsy shoes! Great heavy affairs, with the bottoms all studded over with big projecting nails. But they wear well and keep the feet dry.

The boys and girls do not play their games together, except when very young. The boys seem to like the

rougher, more violent games and the girls the quiet ones. But neither boys nor girls are quarrelsome while at their play.

Cricket is the national and favorite game of the English boy, just as baseball is with the boys of the States. It is the ambition of every English boy to become a clever cricketer, and if allowed he will keep at it all day. This game is played in the streets, the fields, parks or wherever room can be found.

The girls are as fond of their skipping ropes as the boys are of cricket. They play many ring games, such as drop-the-hankerchief, thump-back, and orange-and-lemon. In this last the girls form in two long opposing lines and have a tug of war.

The holidays are Christmas, May-day, and the Fifth of November. May-day means more to the children of the villages than to those in London, however. In the villages groups or processions of children parade the streets, carrying sticks with flowers tied on the ends. They sing songs before the houses and in return receive pennies from the listeners.

The money received is spent for candy or cakes. In the villages, out-side of London, fetes are held, and at these fairs are merry-go-rounds, shooting galleries, swings and wandering gypsies, and vendors with all kinds of wonderful things to sell.

The fifth of November is "Guy Fawkes Day." This is the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot. Guy Fawkes and some of his friends meant to blow up the king and parliament. But the plot was discovered and the king and members of parliament saved from a terrible death. For a time the fifth of November

was observed by thanksgiving services in the church, but the day is now celebrated by children more than grown people.

In some towns the day is celebrated by processions, bonfires and sham battles.

Christmas is celebrated in much the same way as in our own country. The churches are made bright with evergreens and holly berries; the Christmas tree is hung with presents in the schoolroom of the home; Christmas carols are sung.

ENGLAND TO-DAY.

England does not seem a very important country when one looks at the map and compares it with other countries. It is but 400 miles long, and 360 miles wide; yet it is the richest kingdom in the world.

Scotland and Ireland were once separate kingdoms, but are now united to England and Wales under the title of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. This is the home country of the British Empire, but is only a small part of it.

Great Britain is a great mother country. It has so many children that all cannot be fed and cared for at home, and so, many of them are sent to other countries, where colonies are formed. The population of the United Kingdom is 40,000,000, and of England and Wales alone, 32,525,716. So you see it is necessary for some of these people to go elsewhere for homes. It would be hard to find a corner of the earth where the British have not settled.

The British colonies are protected by Great Britain, and some of them have become parts of the British

Empire. This now extends over more than 11,000,000 square miles, and numbers 400,000,000 people. The principal colonial possessions are Gibraltar, Heligoland, the Channel Islands, Malta and Cypress in Europe. In North America are the Dominion of Canada and the West India Islands. In South America are British Guiana and the Falkland Islands. There are Australia, New Zealand and the Fiji Islands, and in Africa are the Gold Coast, Sierra Leone, Gambia, St. Helena, Ascension, the Cape of Good Hope, Natal, the Transvaal Republic and Maurilius. In Asia are India, Hong Kong, British Burmah, Ceylon, Labuan, Aden, the Straits Settlement, and Andaman and Nicobar Islands.

Australia and Cape Colony are self-governing colonies, and others are a part of the British Empire. But though widely separated from the mother country by lands and seas, these colonies and distant parts of the Empire are united by telegraph. There are lines reaching to India and to Australia, as well as to America.

The army of England consists of over a million men, and as English soldiers are said to be among the best and bravest soldiers in the world, England is well able to defend herself. All of these men are not stationed in England, but in different parts of the Empire. Some are at home, others in the colonies, and in India.

England has the largest and strongest navy in the world. She needs many war ships, because her possessions are scattered through so many parts of the earth.

If we could but visit each of these British posses-

sions or colonies, what wonderful things might we not see! But we will content ourselves for the present year with a short visit in England and Wales, and a month each in Scotland and Ireland.

NORTHERN ENGLAND.

We have seen England's two most important cities, its favorite summer resorts, and something of the life of the people in both city and country. Now let us visit some of the places made famous by English history or literature. We will begin at the far north and travel southward, stopping wherever there is a place of especial interest or beauty.

We find England on the north separated from Scotland by the Cheviot Hills. South of the hills there are high, dreary, wild moorlands, with little vegetation excepting grass and heather, which the Scotch people love so much. Farther south are plains and valleys, quarries and mines of coal and iron. These mining districts are manufacturing centers, and here are many of England's largest and busiest cities.

Northumberland is a busy mining district, whose chief city is Newcastle. Look at the mouth of the River Tyne. What a fine harbor! See the hundreds of vessels coming and going. Those from foreign lands are laden with provisions. Those going out are carrying coal. The castle, from which the city was named, still stands, and part of it is used for a museum for the war relics found in the neighborhood. South of this county lies Durham, another county rich in coal.

Near the coast of this part of England, are the

Farne Islands. On one of these islands is a light-house. and it was here that Grace Darling lived. Her father was the light-house keeper. You have heard



A MARKET PLACE.

of this brave girl who saved the lives of so many shipwrecked soldiers, I am sure. When she died many of the leading men of England followed her to the grave.

A monument was raised to her memory, too, and she will always be remembered as one of the bravest women in England.

Not far away is another island called "Holy Isle." It was used as a refuge by persecuted priests in olden times. Sir Walter Scott has told us about it in a poem called "Marmion."

The counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland, in the Northwestern part of England, are especially noted for their beautiful lakes and mountains. The largest lake, Windermere, does not seem very large to us. It is but little over ten miles long, and the highest mountain, Scafell, is less than 3,000 feet in height, yet the country is attractive to every traveler.

One reason for this is that three of England's most celebrated poets made this lake country their home, and the subject of many of their poems. These men were Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey. Wordsworth lived at Rydal and at Grasmere, where he is buried. Almost his entire life of eighty years was passed in this lovely lake county, and many of his poems have been written about it. He believed that too much had been written of heroes and knights, and so he wrote of the simple, honest people among whom he lived, and the beautiful things in nature—the flowers, fields, forests, the brooks and birds.

East of Westmoreland, and south of Durham, lies Yorkshire, one of the largest counties of England. Along the coast are quaint little fishing villages and towns used as health resorts by the weary workers in the manufacturing districts to the southwest. The cliffs are of chalk, which have been worn into many queer forms by the waves.

In this county are the York Wolds, beneath which lies a peculiar kind of stone. It is soft and easily worked with the chisel when it is first quarried, but with exposure to the air grows hard and flinty.



YORK CATHEDRAL.

In the center of Yorkshire we find the old city of York, and York Cathedral, which is one of the grandest gothic buildings in the world. England is noted for its beautiful cathedrals, but it has only two archbishopries—York and Canterbury.

The cathedral rises from a lovely landscape. The country round about is dotted with castles and monasteries. The building has a grand front and three stately towers. The choir and ceilings are carved wood, and its windows are richly stained glass. It has an east window, which is one of the largest in the world.

There are many other cathedrals of which we have read—Ely, considered the most beautiful, and Salisbury, which has the loftiest spire in all England; and Lincoln and Exeter. How we wish we might see each, but time will not permit.

In the western part of Yorkshire are wild, bleak, swampy moorlands. The hills are high and in some places barren, in others covered with heather, gorse and moss. There are few houses or signs of life of any kind. Even the birds seem to have forsaken the place.

South of Yorkshire the land along the coast is low, flat and marshy. It is known as the fen district. It is not a pleasant country in which to travel, and we will not stop there.

MANUFACTURING CITIES.

England is a land of large towns and great manufacturies. So large is its population that it is said the crops raised on its farms each year would not feed the inhabitants three months. What do the people do then for their food? They must import it from other countries, and in order to give employment to the people that will provide them with the means to buy food and other necessities England has become a manufacturing nation. If the people lack material they send

out ships to the countries that produce it and buy it. They carry it back to England, make it up into useful articles and sell them back to the countries that furnished the raw material.

A few hours' ride southward from the Lake District brings us to a group of manufacturing towns. We can not visit all, but will find out what each is celebrated for and visit as many as we can. There are Leeds and Bradford, noted for the manufacture of woolen goods. Much of the broadcloth we use in the States may come from the towns in the west of Yorkshire. Leeds is also noted for porcelain china; Sheffield for cutlery; Birmingham for plated ware; Manchester, Wigan, and Preston for cotton.

Sheffield is set in the midst of this moorland country. About it are hills and valleys, and beautiful streams, yet the city itself is one of the ugliest places in the world. The streets are narrow and dirty. The air is filled with steam and smoke, and the rattle and thump of machinery fill one's ears on every hand.

Yet this disagreeable town contributes much to the comfort of the people everywhere. It sends out rails with which to build our railroads, it makes the plates which encase our steamers, it makes the scythes with which we cut our grain, the knives and forks and spoons on our tables, and perhaps the scissors and pocket knives that we have with us.

We wish to see cotton spinning and calico printing, so visit Manchester, for this city alone has a hundred cotton mills. It is the third city in size in England, having a population of 543,969. It is connected with Liverpool by a huge canal, which really makes it a sea-

port town. This canal is thirty-six miles long, one hundred and twenty feet wide and twenty feet deep. Ships laden with cotton from our own shores, come through this canal and unload their cargoes almost at the doors of Manchester's great mills.



A MARKET WOMAN.

The most interesting place in the city is the Exchange, an immense building where the buyers and sellers of cotton meet on certain days. Crowds of people from many parts of the country are present on these market days and the Exchange is a lively scene.

North of Manchester is the city of Preston, another cotton manufacturing town. It was at this place that

the inventor of the spinning-jinny, Richard Arkwright, was born.

North of Birmingham we enter a belt of England called the Black Country, because there is so much black smoke and dust from the great manufacture of



KENILWORTH CASTLE.

iron. Tall chimneys and furnaces are everywhere, with their clouds of smoke and flames. At night it seems as if we were in the midst of a number of volcanoes. The country is covered with a network of railways and mines, and the roar and rumble of machinery is heard in every busy town.

Birmingham is the fourth city of England in size, containing 522,182 inhabitants. It is one of the bus-

iest cities in the world. Almost every thing under the sun is manufactured here, and it is sometimes called the toyshop of Europe. The Gillot pen we use is made here, and guns, nails, screws, pins, watch chains, jewelry of all kinds, pencil cases, buttons, glass beads, sewing machines, bicycles, tools of many kinds and almost every kind of metallic ware.

Birmingham has a fine town hall that contains a magnificent pipe organ. Every third year a grand musical festival is held, and musical people from all over England attend the concerts.

Had we but time we would visit Witney, where blankets are made; Kidderminster, to see carpets woven; Spitalfields and Macclesfield, for silks; Barnsby for linen, Coventry for watches and ribbons, Hamilton for lace, and Nottingham for lace, stockings, boots and shoes.

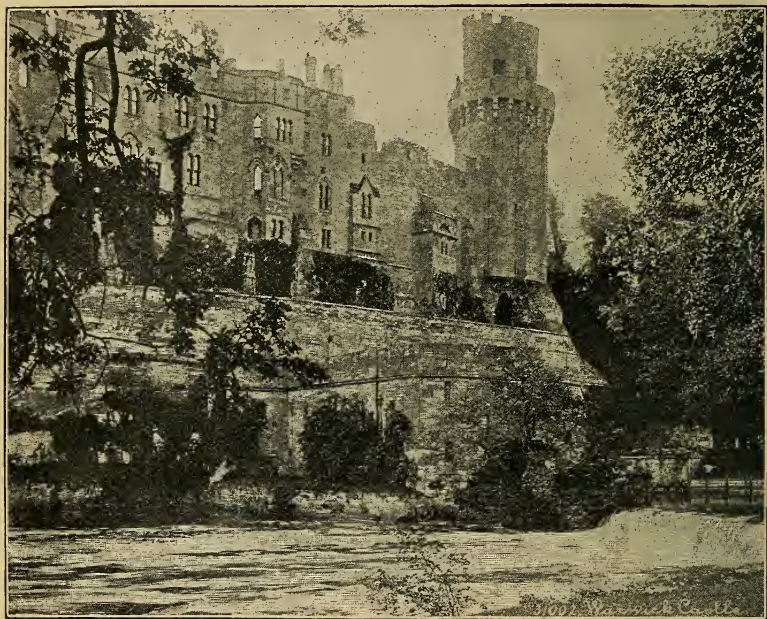
THE GARDEN OF ENGLAND.

We are now in the great county of Warwickshire, sometimes called the Garden of England. It is a quiet, peaceful farm country, with fertile fields, perfect roads and cosy vine-covered cottage homes. The town of Kenilworth itself interests us little. It is the castle, a mile beyond, we wish to see.

The ruins of this castle are probably the grandest in England. This stately old building covers several acres, and is enclosed by lofty walls fifteen feet thick. These walls are strengthened by massive crumbling towers, now partly covered with ivy. One part is called the Normon Keep, and was at one time three or four stories high. There are broken arches, uncased windows, a great banquet hall with fallen stones,

great kitchens where the feasts were prepared for the noble occupants and their guests.

The castle is very old, but some parts more so than others. As the place passed from one owner to another, additions were made.



WARWICK CASTLE.

This castle was a favorite resort of kings and queens in the olden times. During the reign of Edward I, a grand tournament was held here, in which a hundred knights, with their ladies, were in attendance. Sir Walter Scott has told us all about it in his story of *Kenilworth*.

The situation of the castle adds much to its beauty. It is elevated above the surrounding country, and sur-

rounded with sloping meadows, shady groves and pasture lands.

Five miles from Kenilworth, on the bank of the Avon River, is another famous place, Warwick castle. From the bridge of the river we have a fine view of the castle. It is a fine old place, containing relics of the past which are of interest to every student of English history. Some of these relics are kept in a room in the gateway. Among others are the shield, sword, breast-plate and helmet of the former owner, Guy of Warwick.

In some of the rooms are paintings, busts, vases and rare old pieces of furniture that we would like to examine carefully, but the guide rushes us through and leads us at last to Guy's Tower for a view of the surrounding neighborhood.

STRATFORD.

About eight miles away is the old town of Stratford. sacred to the memory of the world's greatest poet, William Shakespeare. Stratford-on-Avon is a sleepy little place, with pleasant and quaint old houses, with flowers on the window-sills or porches, and vines and climbing roses over the walls.

By the river bank stands the church where the poet is buried. It is in a grove of ancient elms, and surrounded by the graves of those who died three hundred years ago. It is a beautiful little building, and Shakespeare loved it. He asked to be buried beneath its chapel, and his wish was respected. In the floor of the chancel we find the plain marble slab that marks his resting place. Upon the slab are cut these words :

“ Good friend, for Jesus sake forbear,
 To digg the dust enclosed heare;
 Blest be he that spares these stones,
 And cursed be he that moves my bones.”

Above this tablet in a niche in the wall of the chancel is a marble bust of the poet, which is thought to have been a likeness. Farther down the river bank stands Shakespeare Memorial Theatre and Library, which was opened with a grand festival on the 315th anniversary of the poet's birth, April 23, 1879.

The town has also a beautiful memorial drinking fountain, which was given by an American, George W. Childs.

The house where the poet was born is in the center of the town, and not far from the church. It is a low wooden house, built in the old English fashion, with oak timbers filled in with plaster or clay. Inside the house the timbers are black with age, and the rough walls are covered with the names of visitors. Among these are the names of Dickens and Tennyson.

Some of the rooms on the second floor are used as a museum, where are gathered a few Shakespeare relics. His portrait is shown, and his chair and desk and a few other articles. The house is cared for by a keeper, who was placed in charge by the English government.

Nowhere in England is the country so lovely as that part along the Thames, through which we are now going. Every vine-clad cottage is a picture, every hedge and lane a thing of beauty.

We are almost at Oxford. What grand old buildings are these looming up before us? They are col-

leges, for Oxford is a college town. Young men come here to live after they have left school and stay for three or four years to finish their education.

Oxford University consists of a large number of separate colleges united under one head. There



OXFORD, ENGLAND.

are twenty-three of these independent colleges. The president of this college is always a nobleman, who holds this position for life. Lectures are given by professors, as in our own colleges, but many of the students are assisted in their studies by private tutors. There are many vacations in college life, but studies often go on just the same away from college, with the aid of these tutors.

We can see many of the students walking about with a queer looking cap on their heads and little black gown over their shoulders. Let us enter the gate and walk about the gardens a while.

The buildings are some of them over 600 years old, and they look it. The stone shows the effect of the weather. But inside, the rooms are very comfortable. There are easy chairs and sofas, and flowers in the windows. In the dining room are long tables, where all the men dine. The walls have many pictures.

Where are the men? Some of them are under the trees smoking and drinking. Others are playing lawn tennis and cricket, and others are practicing races on the river. This is the chapel where prayers are said every night and morning. The students must attend whether they wish to or not, and a porter stands at the door before services to check their names off, as they enter.

Who are those men dressed in white flannels? They have just come from the station in large wagonettes drawn by four horses. They are cricketers come to the college grounds to play a match.

Now let us go down to the river to see the college races. How gay the river is. See the yachts cruising up and down with their white sails flying. There are flat-bottomed boats too, called punts. In them are men lying at full length on cushions, and with books in their hands. How comfortable they look. These punts are pushed along by a man with a pole in his hand.

There are barges by the side of the river, too. They belong to the colleges, and inside them are easy chairs and couches and books. What a pleasant place to

rest. There are big boats called tubs, that cannot upset easily, and slim boats shooting rapidly through the water. There are eight men in the boats, called the College Eights. They are going to race. There is a crowd of college men on the bank on their way up the river, too. They are going to watch the races.

A gun is fired; that is the signal, and the boats are off. The men on the bank cheer the men of their own college crew, and urge them on to do their best. The Englishmen at this college spend a great deal of time boating and at other out-of-door sports, but they do much studying, too. There are examinations to pass, and they are anxious to carry off honors. If a student fails a certain number of times he cannot compete for honors again.

Many of the great men of England have been educated in this university, and England is very proud of the place. Oxford is thought by many people to be one of the most beautiful little cities in the world. It has both old-fashioned and modern buildings, stately halls and libraries, chapels with spires and pinnacles like cathedrals, ivy-covered walls and towers, lovely garden lawns and walks shaded by grand old trees.

Cambridge is another university town, with almost as many colleges as Oxford, and quite as noted.

CANTERBURY.

To see the most interesting of all England's cathedrals, we must go to the county of Kent in the southeastern part of England. In the old city of Canterbury, on the site occupied hundreds of years ago by the first church, now stands a magnificent cathedral.

Cathedral means a church built in the form of a Greek or Latin cross, and containing a bishop's seat or throne.

The bishop of Canterbury is the head of the English church, and ranks next to royalty. He is the first peer of the land, and he alone has authority to crown the monarchs of England, though the ceremony is performed in Westminster Abbey in London. His London residence is Lambeth Palace on the Thames, not far from the Parliament House.



CANTERBURY.

SOUTHERN ENGLAND.

In the southern part of England is the great Plain of Salisbury, with pleasant, prosperous farms and fertile fields. Long years ago this plain was the scene of many a fierce battle between the Britains and their enemies, and hosts of warriors lie buried here.



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

At Stonehenge we find the ruins of an open temple, built by the ancient Britons for use in Druid worship. It consists at present of three concentric circles of huge granite boulders. Some of these are twenty feet high, and weigh from twelve to seventy tons. These were connected by enormous flat stones, too large to have been lifted by human hands. It seems as if these ancient people must have had machinery, but no one knows.

South of the Island of Wight, across the channel and near the coast of France, lies a group of islands called the Channel Islands. The largest of these are the Guernsey, Jersey, Alderney and Sark. Where have you heard these names before? They sound very familiar. Who has not heard of Jersey and Alderney cows?

These islands are noted for their fine cattle, choice fruits and flowers, for their delightful winter climate and picturesque scenery.

England's two great naval ports are Portsmouth and Plymouth. In Portsmouth harbor 1,000 ships can be at anchor at the same time. It is a strongly



LYNMOUTH HARBOR.

fortified town, and the principal naval station of England. Its streets are full of soldiers, and in its harbors are many modern warships.

The dress of the English soldiers at the forts seems rather odd to us. They wear little caps stuck on the side of the head, and their clothes are very tight.

The port of Plymouth is also on the southern coast of England. It was from this harbor that the Mayflower started to make its journey to America. It was for this town that the first Plymouth in the States was named. There is little to see but the arsenals, dockyards, warships and forts.

Fourteen miles to the south is the Eddystone lighthouse, whose light can be seen many miles out at sea by the sailors.

CORNWALL.

Cornwall is a little county in the western end of England, including Land's End. It is a bleak, bare, hilly country, with a wild, rugged coast. But the riches of the country lie underground, for Cornwall furnishes nine-tenths of all the tin and one-half of all the copper produced by the whole British Isles. It is a splendid place to collect specimens of ores, for one can find all sorts of rocks, such as granite, porphyry, hornblend, mica-slate, serpentine, as well as tin and copper.

The best tin mines are on the south side of Cornwall, and we can visit one of these mines that is open to the day-light, and see the men and horses moving about at work! Near Cape Cornwall is a copper mine that extends under the sea. Veins of copper run along the cliffs into the sea; and are hidden in the water, but a tram-road has been built down a precipice and the mine is entered by ladders until below the sea level. The salt water oozes through the ceiling and the ocean roars over the heads of the miners as they work.

We notice many buildings deserted and in ruins, and

are told that some of the mines have been closed because mining has ceased to be profitable. The miners have many of them gone to America to the copper mines in Colorado, Nevada and Michigan.

There are many brave and noble people among the rough fisherfolk of Cornwall. Many a sailor has been saved from an ocean grave by their kindness. They often risk their own lives to rescue others from danger, and think nothing of it.

At the extreme end of Cornwall is a little island called St. Michael's Mount. It rises straight up from the water to a height of two hundred feet. One can reach it from the mainland by a natural rocky causeway, one-half a mile long. This causeway is under water except at low tide, three hours every day. On the top is a very old castle, said to have been the home of hermits long ago.

From Land's End we go out to the Scilly Islands. There are a great many of these, but only five of them are inhabited. The people who live here call themselves Scillonians, but other people call them "Scilly Folk." The climate of the islands is mild, and the rocks enclose many fertile little valleys which are used for flower farms. Here flowers of all kinds are cultivated during the winter—jonquils, daffodills, crocuses, narcissuses—and sent to London and other large cities, where they find a ready market.

How quickly time flies! Our month is almost over and we have not yet seen Wales.

A Little Journey to Wales

Wales, though one of our nearest neighbors across the sea, is not visited by travellers so often as other parts of Great Britain, and the people who have visited it have told us so little about the country that we are very anxious to see it.

It is not a large country, having but a fourth the area of the state of Ohio. Its greatest length from north to south is only 140 miles, while its width in places is but 40 miles, a distance a railway train will cover in an hour.

Wales is a very old country and will well repay us for the time we shall spend journeying through it, for it is most interesting to both the student and the tourist. Though so small, and connected so closely with England and Scotland, it has a people and a language as different from those of the other portions of Great Britain as the people and the language of Mexico are from our own.

At one time Wales was a land of warriors. Before gunpowder was known, their weapons were the lance and the bow, in the use of which they were very expert.

They were being attacked continually by the people of different countries who wished to subdue them, but they were very brave and always ready to defend themselves. They did not then have farms and culti-

vate the land as now, but they had flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, which gave them food.

The people of Wales have always kept much to themselves, and have been very jealous to preserve the purity of their language, and their customs of life. Thus they have kept themselves as a distinct race from the English people.

Because they were thus able to defend their land, and keep themselves separate from others, they were called "Welsh," which means "strangers." But the Welsh have always called themselves "Cymri," which is a word of their own language and means "native to the soil."

As Wales was through many centuries the scene of constant warfare, which was always a heroic struggle to maintain freedom against the attacks of different powerful nations, we shall find everywhere the remains of encampments, fortresses, castles and fortified mansions, telling where their battles were fought long ago.

Wales is the south-west portion of the island of Great Britain; it is bounded on the north by the Irish Sea, and by the estuary of the River Dee; west by St. George's Channel; south by the Bristol Channel, and east by counties of England.

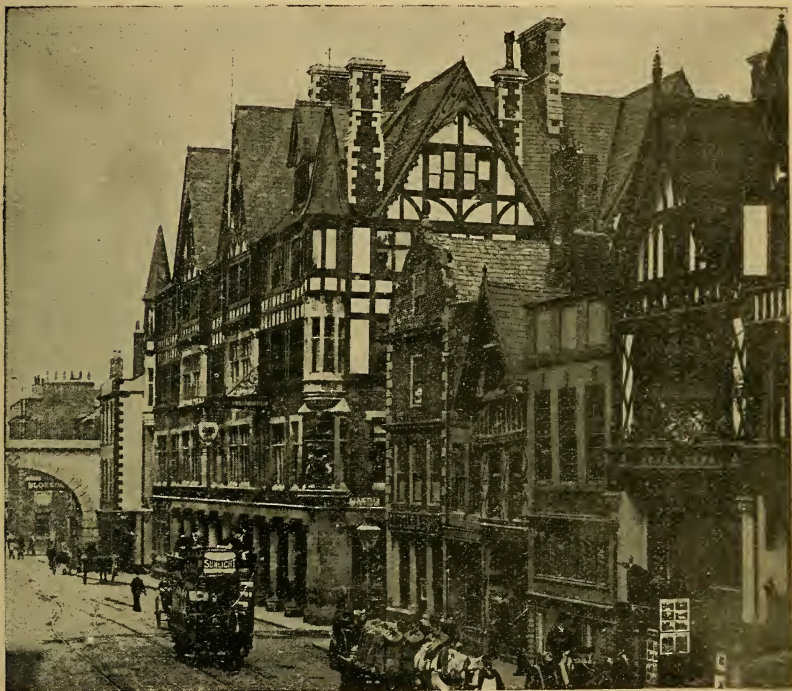
The estuary of a river is its mouth, where the current of the river, flowing out, meets and mingles with the inflowing tide of the sea.

CHESTER.

Six miles from the border line that separates Wales from England, is the town of Chester. It is situated on the river Dee,—the very river the old song tells us about.

There dwelt a miller hale and bold
 Beside the river Dee;
 He worked and sang from morn till night,
 No lark more blithe than he.

This is the place from which most travellers start to visit Wales, and it is a very good place to come, for it is more like a Welsh than an English city. It has a



OLD CHESTER, WALES.

population of 40,000 people, and so many of them are Welsh that some people imagine when here they are already in Wales.

The city is surrounded by a wall seven or eight feet thick, and on the top is a walk where people go to

promenade and get a view of the country. This wall is very, very old. No one knows just who built it, but it is thought to have been built by the Romans who invaded England centuries ago. What wonderful workers and warriors those old Romans were. But they found their match when they met the sturdy Welshmen, and they probably felt the need of stone walls to protect them from the attacks of these patriots.

What queer old houses! And the sidewalks! There are none like them in the world. They are built on the roofs of the houses, and covered with galleries to protect the promenaders from the rain. The only inconvenient thing about these walks is that one has to go down and up again at each cross street.

Leaving Chester we cross the river and follow its banks for a time. When the tide is in it looks like a very noble river, but when the tide is out it shrinks to a tiny creek. It does not seem to be used much now for purposes of navigation, though it was once more important than the Mersey, the great river that carries the shipping of Liverpool.

The train bears us swiftly through the country, past towns and villages, into the hills. What a beautiful country! Look at the tall mountains just ahead. We are approaching the Snowdon Range, the great mountain range of Wales. The mountain is pierced by a tunnel, through which our train carries us.

The highest peak in this range is also called Snowdon. It means a snowy height. It is the highest mountain in either England or Wales, rising 3,770 feet above the sea.

The top of this mountain is not more than six or seven yards in diameter and is surrounded by a wall. People often go up to the top for a view of the country, or to see the sun rise. From this point one can see much of North Wales, of the sea, and nearly fifty lakes, or "tarns," as the Welsh people call them. On



SNOWDON.

the rocky hill sides ponies, sheep and goats are grazing. What lively animals these goats are. They jump from one crag to another as no other animal could. The Welsh people are very fond of goats, and often make pets of them.

What dear little ponies, with shaggy coats and long manes. We will soon want some of them for a ride through the mountains. They are surer footed than any human being, and they know every road and path for miles around.

This is the most mountainous district that we shall see in North Wales, but there are also extensive moors. These moors are tracts of waste land whose soil is too poor to repay cultivation. They are usually covered with patches of heath (or heather, as it is also called), and are sometimes wet and marshy. Peat bogs, too, are found on these moors.

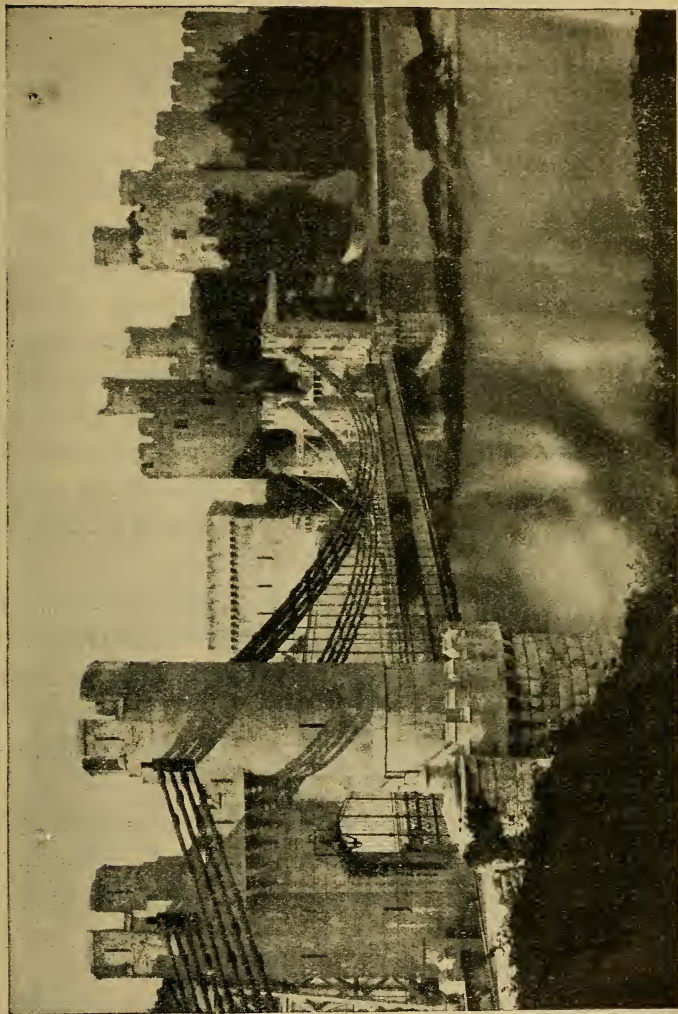
Let us stop to take a closer look at the heather, which is a useful plant, if it does grow in waste places. Here is a clump of it, and we find that it is a low-growing shrub, with very small evergreen leaves. It is in bloom, and its clusters of pink flowers are very lovely.

The heather is used for brooms, for thatching the roofs of the humbler homes, for beds for the poor, and for fuel. We shall see few more beautiful sights than this field of heather in bloom.

Now we come to Holywell Station, where we will stop long enough to visit the picturesque ruin of Basingwerk Abbey, which is close by.

Some famous dikes are near. Watt's Dike ends at the coast near Basingwerk, while Offa's Dike runs southward as far as the mouth of the Wye River—that is almost to the southern part of Wales.

These dikes are embankments, such as we may see along the rivers in various parts of the United States, where they have been built to protect low lands from



CONWAY CASTLE—THE BRIDGE ENTRANCE

the river's overflow. With us they are called levees.

Further on we come to Conway, an ancient fortified town. Here stands Conway Castle, a magnificent fortress, now the most beautiful ruin in Wales.

This castle was built by King Edward I to hold the Welsh in check. The walls of this castle are twelve and fifteen feet in thickness, and strengthened by eight massive circular towers. Here, at least, we may wander about without guides to urge us on. We may linger in the courts, the towers, the battlements, the stairways, the banqueting hall and the chambers as long as we wish. The roof of the beautiful banqueting room is gone, but there are still the wide fireplaces with their rich carvings. What fine feasts King Edward and his nobles must have had in this great old hall.

The wall about the town is $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles in length, 12 feet thick and fortified with towers and battlements.

Conway River has been celebrated from earliest times for its pearl fisheries. The pearls, which are sometimes very valuable, are found in the shell of the pearl mussel.

Near Llandudno is the vast rocky promontory called Great Ormes Head, and the smaller one called Little Ormes Head. The former is now a place for recreation. The cliffs are hollowed out by the sea and abound with seabirds.

The scenery in rural Wales is always picturesque, and often grand and beautiful. Here and there are rounded hills, cultivated to the top, but there is much land that is of little use for agriculture. There are few ploughed fields, as in England, for the Welsh do

not grow much corn. But in the cultivated parts good crops of grain and vegetables are grown.

The hills are occupied by small mountain sheep, the Welsh ponies and cattle. There are old farm houses, in which generations of the same family have dwelt, and pleasant stone cottages mantled with ivy and surrounded by roses. Here and there are stately mansions and ruins of castles and strongholds.

What a clattering noise! What can it be? We are near the town of Bangor, and it has slate quarries that keep 25,000 men busy. Look across at that mountain-side and you will see a quarry. The Penrhyn slate quarries are the largest in the world and quarry about 300 tons of slate every day. Most of the slate roofs of Great Britain come from Wales.

A closer view of the quarry shows it to be about 1,000 feet deep. It looks like a huge amphitheater. It is interesting to watch the men at work in the quarry. Some are blasting, and some are splitting and dressing the slate. Only a small part of the slate is quarried. There are four kinds of slate, red, blue, green and gray,—all found in this quarry. We buy some little objects carved in slate to take home as souvenirs, and then visit the Castle. At Penrhyn Castle lives Lord Penrhyn, who owns the quarries. It is a magnificent place with a park seven miles in circumference. The park is surrounded by a high slate fence, to keep out intruders.

Bangor is one of the oldest cities of Wales. It has a fine cathedral and the University or College of North Wales; but the thing that interests us most in this neighborhood are the two magnificent bridges crossing

Menai Strait and connecting the mainland with the island of Anglesey.

The Menai Strait is the piece of water running between the island and the coast. See the wonderful bridge that goes across! It is the longest bridge in Great Britain, and is so high that large ships can pass



MENAI STRAIT SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

under it without lowering their masts. It is made of thousands of pieces of iron and will carry the heaviest trains. This bridge, called Britannia, cost over half a million dollars and was five years in being built.

Crossing to Anglesey we come to Holyhead, the market town of North Wales, and an important point in Anglesey. Holyhead is on an island which is con-

nected with the mainland by a huge embankment three quarters of a mile in length. (This is the termination of the great railroads from London and Chester, and the most convenient point from which to depart for Ireland.)

There is a great pier, nearly 1,000 feet in length,



CAERNARVON CASTLE, WALES

upon which is a marble arch, which was erected in honor of the visit of King George IV. in 1821. On South Stack, a lonely rock three miles west, is a lighthouse, which has a powerful light, 212 feet above high water mark. If we wish, we may go up and inspect its great lamps, for there are twenty-one in all, with

powerful reflectors, which at night throw out their light to guide the ships safely into port.

The promontory of the Head is an immense precipice, which affords shelter for innumerable seabirds, such as gulls, cormorants, herons and razor-bills. On the highest crag is the home of the peregrine falcon, the bird so greatly esteemed when falconry was the fashionable sport of the nobles.

Journeying on we come to Caernarvon, an old, old town situated on the Menai Strait. Its Castle is regarded as the finest in the kingdom and was designed by the architect of Conway Castle. This was also built by Edward the First, and it was here that the first Prince of Wales was born. The oldest son of Great Britain's ruling monarch is still called the Prince of Wales.

Leaving Caernarvon we find our surroundings changed almost at once. Great, bleak hills rise about us. The green hedges give place to stone walls. The pastures are wild and rocky. From the town of Danberis we drive through the famous pass of Danberis. For miles we are shut in by the great bare mountains, with just space for the roadway.

Merioneth has much of the most beautiful scenery of Wales. Its lofty mountains contain deep, dark dells. Rich foliage covers its crags. There are wide sea views; and rivers, lakes and waterfalls add to the attraction. In the higher altitudes the climate is bleak, while in the lower lands myrtle grows in the open air.

Near Dolgelly, the most important town in Merioneth, are many celebrated waterfalls. The most magnificent one of all is a narrow stream rushing down a rugged



DANBERIS PASS, WALES.

slope, at least 150 feet in descent. Large fragments of rock scattered about at the bottom of the fall give a look of wild desolation to the scene.

At Milford Haven, in Pembrokeshire, we find one of Great Britain's finest harbors. To the eye it has the appearance of an immense lake, and is so land-



BETTWYS-Y-COED (SWALLOW FALLS), WALES.

locked, or enclosed by jutting points of land, as to be secure from winds and tempests. This is important, for Pembroke, while having a climate that is warm and mild, is exposed to severe gales.

Flowers, fruit and vegetables are produced earlier here than in most other parts of the United Kingdom. The homes of the farmers are comfortable and are generally built of stone, but the cottages of the peasants are mostly huts built of a clay and straw compound called "clom."

A WELSH HOME.

Let us stop for awhile at this farmer's home. How pretty it is! The roof is thatched and the lattice windows filled with flowers. Climbing roses and vines almost cover the walls. Behind the house is an orchard of apple and pear trees.

Inside the rooms are neat, clean and attractive. White curtains are at the windows; and a cheerful fire blazes upon the hearth, for the day is chilly. On either side of this fire-place is an old oaken settee. Against the wall is a dresser, on which are displayed some curious pieces of old china. Not a speck of dust or dirt can be seen anywhere—not even in the kitchen grate.

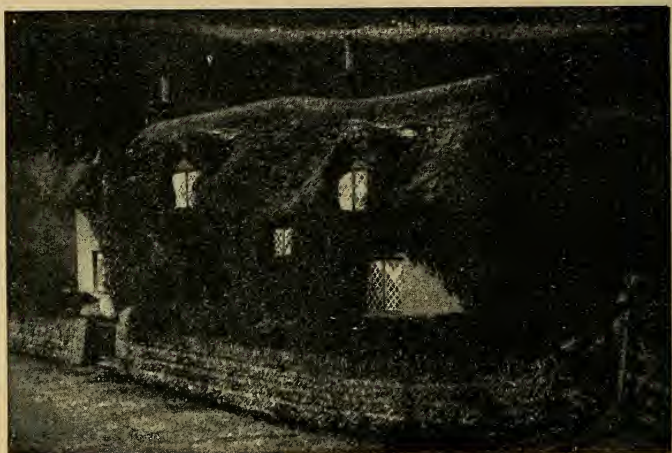
A man and a woman seated in the room rise as we enter. The man is tall and strong; he wears a white coat of coarse cloth (frieze), corduroy breeches coming to the knee, gray woolen stockings, and stout shoes. His wife wears a long, blue, woolen gown, crimson petticoat and white apron, broad shoes with buckles, and a kind of round hat.

When the Welsh people meet each other their greetings are peculiar, and to us would appear tedious. "How is thy heart?" they ask. Then "How are the good wife at home, the children and the rest of the family?"

These country people are always hospitable. A stranger may travel amongst them without any expense for food or lodging. Their fare may be coarse, but it is wholesome, consisting of bread or oatmeal, with milk, butter, cheese, and potatoes; also with fish if they are near streams or the seashore. In winter they have bacon, dry salted beef, mutton, and smoked venison.

The farmers' wives are as thrifty as it is possible for women to be. Ten or twelve children is the usual number among the farmers' families. Most of the women are strong, and are great workers and walkers.

Even among the wealthy farmers the wives look after the dairy, and make the butter and cheese. They entertain a great deal if they live near a city,



A WELSH HOME.

and a meal in one of these homes will long be remembered, for the women are famous cooks.

The women of Wales engage in almost all occupations that are open to men. They are commonly to be seen at work in the fields, and are employed as porters, ticket sellers, station keepers, and in banks and offices. They enjoy outdoor labor, and do not consider it beneath them. They may be seen in groups in the fields, singing and laughing at their work.

The Welshmen are hard workers; many of them

find their employment in the mines and quarries, where the toil is most severe and the hours of labor long. Their holidays they spend smoking their pipes



OLD WELSH COSTUMES.

in their cabins, or walking about the fields and roads near by. Though hospitable, they practice close

economy, and are shrewd and crafty in their dealings.

In the west of Wales, at Glamorgan, there are numbers of women who get their living by selling cockles. They go about their daily rounds crying, "Cockles, fresh cockles, fine cockles! Will you buy my fresh cockles?" These cockles are much in demand in Welsh market places.

Very picturesque figures these cockle women are, too. They wear short dresses of red and black flannel, which are turned up in front and pinned close in under the waist at the back. Flannel aprons protect the dresses. Snowy kerchiefs are worn about the throat, and sometimes neat white caps under the Welsh hats. Little shawls are worn over the shoulders.

In the west part of Wales we see the old Welsh costumes, which the people in other parts of Wales have laid aside. Here the women still wear tall beaver hats with broad brims that look somewhat like the stove-pipe hats worn by men years ago. These women wear short gray or red flannel skirts, black or red dresses, long pointed bodices hooked in front, and flannel aprons. Kerchief and cap complete the costume.

WELSH MARRIAGES.

A marriage among the Welsh is surrounded by many curious customs which have survived from old times. On the occasion of the marriage, a "bidder" goes from house to house inviting guests to the wedding. The ceremony always takes place on a Saturday, but the guests assemble on Friday with their presents. On Saturday ten to twenty of the groom's

friends who are best mounted, go to demand the bride. She is placed on a horse behind her father, who rides off as fast as he can. He is soon overtaken, however, and the bride brought back. Presents continue to be received on Saturday and Sunday, and on Monday they are sold. Sometimes quite an amount is received from the sale, perhaps two hundred or three hundred dollars, which is quite a help to the young country couple.

FAIRS.

Wales is said to be the greatest country in the world for fairs. We begin to think this is true, for wherever we go we find the people holding out-of-door fairs of some sort.

We are going now to attend one of these gatherings just a little way down the street of this country town. The country roads and streets are filled with people all bound for the fair. There are many farmers, some of the tradespeople of the town, and servants of the well-to-do people who own country places near by. Donkey carts go past laden with cherries, hazel nuts and other good things to tempt the buyer at the fair.

On the grounds we find tents for the sale of food, fruits and drinks. Peddlers walk about with various articles for sale. Here is one with canes or walking sticks. He carries them in a deep old willow basket, shaped like a section of stovepipe.

Among the things to amuse the people we see a big image like a great jumping-jack: it is six feet high, with a "pudding" in its stomach, and bells on its head. The "pudding" is of cloth with some soft

stuffing, and by striking this you test your strength. When you hit it a straight blow the bells ring, thus showing your force and skill.

There are other strength testers, games of chance, etc. There is a shooting gallery, attended by a big, good-natured girl.

Out-of-door fairs of various sorts are held all over Wales at all seasons of the year. These gatherings had, as their original purpose, the bringing together of the people for the purpose of selling and buying the produce of the country. Many of them now are wholly for pleasure and for racing.

Before large towns existed, all sorts of goods and necessaries of life, which can now be bought in shops, were sold at these fairs, and everybody went to them.

Among the different sorts of fairs are the horse shows, flower shows, Christmas shows, fat cattle shows, poultry shows, etc.; while other gatherings bear such unique names as Warm Fair, Winter Fair, Midsummer Fair, Martinmas Fair, October Fair, April Fair, Dish Fair, Pear Fair—a list without end.

Llangellen Fair is one held principally for purposes of barter. It is held in a little square in the town, half way across which extends a row of carts filled with pigs. Near by stand the owners, men and women, dickering with the buyers. The pigs are small, and the buyers carry them away in their arms, while the porkers squeal.

Cattle are sold at this fair, also; and a curious custom is that each bargain is concluded with a slap of the hand between buyer and seller.

The Hiring Fair is a peculiar institution, to which

come serving men and maidens in vast number, and farmers in search of toilers for the coming year.

We cannot pause at every point of interest, for, if we did, we should hardly make any progress at all. Yet there are some points it will not do to miss, and one of these is Llanfyllin, where a market is held every Thurs-



A WELSH GIRL CROSSING A FORD.

day. Here also are held six annual fairs, the chief purpose of which is to bring in the celebrated Welsh ponies, called Merlins, for sale. On these days the usually quiet town is transformed into a very busy place. Early in the morning the farmers and breeders of ponies from the country all about may be seen on every road leading into Llanfyllin, each one with a large or small herd of the ponies.

In the town the streets are soon thronged, the lively little animals being the center of attraction. Buyers come from a distance, and bargaining, buying and selling go on at a lively rate.

A local fair worth visiting is the Cattle Fair in the old town of Carmarthen. This place was once the capital of Wales, for centuries the seat of kings and the home of the Welsh Parliament. It is now a dull agricultural town, and its streets are busy only on great market and fair days. At this fair no language but Welsh is heard—the hawkers cry their wares in Welsh, and all bartering is conducted in that language.

MUSICAL FESTIVALS.

The Welsh people are extremely fond of music. Singing seems as natural to them as to the birds. The mother sings to her babe in the cradle; the children sing on their way to school; the workmen in the fields sing to their horses, and the milk-maid sings to the cows.

There is singing at the feasts, fairs and festivals, at churches and at funerals. The people seem especially fond of war songs and we often hear "The March of the Men of Harlech."

The Welsh people hold every year a National Song Congress. This is for the purpose of encouraging music, Welsh literature, the making of songs similar to those sung by the old Bards, to maintain the Welsh language and customs, and to promote patriotism.

The bards were professional poets and singers, whose occupation was to compose and sing verses in honor of the heroic deeds of princes and brave men. It was through them that much of the history of the early

times was preserved, as their songs and verses, though not written, were taught by parents to children from one generation to another, and so kept from being forgotten.

This festival is called the *Eisteddfod*. Every little town has also its *Eisteddfod* conducted in the same manner as the great festival.

When a National festival is held the trains bring in thousands of people from the towns and country round about. Before noon the place is crowded with people and vehicles. In this crowd are noblemen and peasants, fashionable city people and plain country folk, clergymen and priests, Druids and Bards, and musicians without number.

There are celebrated harpists and great choirs, some of them numbering five hundred voices. The persons representing the Druids and Bards conduct a ceremony similar to that conducted hundreds of years ago when the Druids and Bards were real people.

All the Welsh people love poetry, and many compose and recite it. At the festival of the *Eisteddfod*, prizes and medals are given to the successful contestants for original poems, stories and songs, for choral and solo singing, for singing with the harp, and to the best performers on the harp or stringed or wind instruments.

The highest object of a Welsh Bard's ambition is to be the winner at these festivals and to receive the reward, which is to be seated in a silver chair. This ceremony is imposing and is performed with sound of trumpets.

The people value education very highly and make

great sacrifices in order to educate their families. The population of Wales is less than 2,000,000, yet they have four colleges and many schools.

CARDIFF.

Cardiff, at the mouth of the River Taff, is the metropolis of Wales, and the second most important seaport town in Great Britain. It has a population of 200,000. The docks of Cardiff are famed the world over. They were built by the Marquis of Bute, and cost over five million dollars. At the docks, which are walled about with stone piers, are found great ocean steamers from every land. More steamers land here than at London, and the place is of so much importance that the United States has a consul here.

We find the streets broad and clean. The houses, instead of being numbered, are given pretty names, by which they are always known. In the country the same plan is followed. More than fifty churches may be counted here, and we find that in them only the Welsh language is spoken.

Cardiff is the center of England's greatest coal and iron region. It has the largest coal-shipping trade in the world, and exports large quantities of iron, and manufactures from the southern part of Wales. The New South Wales University at this place has over 3,000 students.

Another city of importance in the southern part of Wales is Swansea, a busy place of over 100,000 inhabitants, at the mouth of the Tawe. It is the chief center of the tin-plate trade of England, and is one of the most important copper-smelting centers in the

world. The copper is not found in this part of Wales, but is brought from Cornwall and from foreign countries to be manufactured here, because of the abundance and the cheapness of fuel.

Our last visit will be to the town of St. David's, where we see St. David's Cathedral, the finest and most interesting church in Wales. Perhaps you wonder who Saint David was or is. He is the patron saint of Wales. A patron saint is one who is a special protector of a country, place or community.

This man, who was a prince, devoted his life to good deeds and to teaching the people the Christian religion. The people of Wales have never forgotten him, and every year on the third of March religious exercises are held in the magnificent cathedral that bears his name. The place is now in ruins, yet so beautiful is it that in all England there is no finer church.

RELIGION.

The people of Wales are very religious, and they have shown their devotion to their church by erecting many fine chapels throughout the country.

A hundred years ago it was a very unusual thing to see a copy of the Bible in the home of a poor family in Wales. You will be interested, I think, to know how it happens that the Bible is found in every home to-day, because it came through the efforts of a poor little peasant Welsh girl.

This child's name was Mary Jones. She had been taught something of the Bible in one of the schools, and was very anxious to study it. A farmer who lived two miles from her home gave her permission to

read his copy. Every week after this for six years Mary walked, in all kinds of weather, to the home of this man to read this Bible. She began at the same time to save up her pennies to buy a book for herself. Think of saving your pennies so long as that for a book! At last she had enough, and walked fifty miles to make her purchase.

The minister of whom she bought the book told the story to the members of a tract society, and suggested the need of a society that would furnish Bibles to people who were too poor to buy. The people were much touched by the story, and the result was the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society, which has since caused the Bible to be printed in every language and circulated all over the world.

And now good-bye to England and Wales, for our month is ended, and we must be on our way to Scotland.

The English News.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

England began to celebrate Queen Victoria's birthday on Friday, May 24, by order of the king.

MEMORIAL SERVICES.

When President McKinley died the English Court was ordered into mourning and memorial services were held in the cathedrals. The London Chamber of Commerce was closed and American tourists were stopped in the streets by Englishmen who wished to express their sympathy. The King and Queen of England attended memorial services at Copenhagen.

THE CORONATION OF KING EDWARD.

England is preparing for the coronation of Edward VII which is to take place in June, 1902. Speculators are already busy securing options on windows and house fronts, for the coronation day parade. There are many poor people in cheap rooms along the route who will have to seek new quarters, their landlords finding it more profitable to let for a single day to neighbors than for a year to such tenants.

The celebration of the coronation service in Westminster Abbey will take at least four hours. It will be followed on the next day by a procession in state from Buckingham Palace, for the purpose of taking part in a thanksgiving service at St. Paul's Cathedral. This will give the municipal authorities and the

Lord Mayor an opportunity to welcome the King in a fitting manner.

The King and Queen and all the royal guests and special ambassadors from abroad will take part in this procession. It is expected that it will be even more stately and gorgeous than the visit of Queen Victoria to St. Paul's Cathedral in 1897. The King has given an order for 50 extra landaus and 200 horses for use during the coronation.

* * * * *

The Duke of Cornwall and York and his wife are visiting Canada. The Duke is the oldest son of King Edward and may be England's next king. The four children of the Duke, three boys and a girl, are at home in England.

KING EDWARD'S SALARY.

The allowance of King Edward VII for the year is \$2,250,000. This is over a million dollars less than the allowance made Queen Victoria and King Edward thinks it much too small. Out of this he must keep up four royal palaces, with their parks, and provide for his children, with the exception of the Duke of Cornwall. The Duke, being heir to the throne, has a special allowance of his own. From his allowance King Edward must pay his housekeeping and traveling expenses and make many expensive presents and gifts to charity.

Why is not King Edward's allowance larger? Because, England is in debt now and wishes to economize. The war with South Africa is costing England a great deal of money and is not yet over.

A COAL TAX.

The British House of Commons has voted to place an export tax of a shilling a ton on coal. This will have a direct effect on the business of mine owners and their employes will naturally suffer by reason of less work and reduced wages. This tax law was levied because of the great need of the government for money. It is estimated that the present war costs England \$10,000,000 a week.

AMERICA'S CUP.

There are a great many boys and girls who know all about America's cup and its defender, but there are many more who do not. But they are wondering why the papers and magazines are full of pictures of the yachts Columbia and the Shamrock II and long articles about them and the races.

These are the yachts that took part in the famous races in October which decided the ownership of a silver cup. Why all this fuss and excitement about the ownership of a cup? Well, it means much more than that, and to understand it we will have to know the whole story.

England, you see, has always been famed for her ships and boats of all kinds, and during the World's Fair in that country many years ago, America was invited to enter a yacht in a sailing contest, starting at Cowes and sailing around the Isle of Wight. A yacht named America was sent to take part in this contest, and with this yacht went the builder, whose name was George Steers.

Much to the surprise of everyone but its builder and

captain, America won the race, and the silver cup that was won is what is now called America's cup. It is about twenty-seven inches high and upon it was engraved these words: "Hundred guinea cup, won Aug. 22, 1851, at Cowes, England, by Yacht America at the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta, open to all nations, beating the——." Then comes the list of sailing craft defeated by America, thirteen in all.

The America had defeated the best sailors of the world and its owner was very proud of it. In 1857 the cup was given to the New York Yacht Club in order that the contest between England and America and any other nation might be reopened. The cup was then called a perpetual challenge cup, which means that any time the owner of a yacht who belongs to any foreign yacht club of good standing may challenge this country to defend her cup. The contest must be held in American waters as long as the cup is held by America. If a foreign boat should win the race the cup would go to that country. No one has ever succeeded, however, tho it is said that England has spent about \$4,000,000 in trying.

The defeated boat, the Shamrock II, is owned by Sir Thomas Lipton. It is a fine yacht, and its owner hopes to have better luck the next time he races with the Columbia.

A RUSKIN MEMORIAL.

England has honored Ruskin by placing a memorial on the top of Friar's Crag, overlooking Derwentwater in the Lake District of Cumberland and Westmoreland, England. It consists of a rough, unhewn block of the stone of the district. On the side facing the

lake is a bronze medallion bearing a low relief head of Ruskin and the motto "To-Day." The years of his birth and death, 1819 and 1900, are carved above, and below is the inscription: "The first thing I remember as an event in my life was being taken by my nurse to the brow of Friar's Crag, Derwentwater."

The Little Chronicle says: "Every girl who goes to England will want to visit Friar's Crag, for if there was one thing Ruskin loved better than art and human brotherhood, it was a girl just blooming into womanhood. He adopted the Girls' High School, at Cork, Ireland, as his own, established a rose fete there, and gave the Rose Queen a gold cross every year. To these girls he once wrote a letter, saying:

"The chief danger for all girls in this great 'to-day' of their own is the temptation to restlessness, whether in curiosity, pleasure or pride. I want them all to be earnestly, thoughtfully intelligent of what is close to them, rightfully knowing what they have joy in knowing, rightfully doing whatever they are called upon—not by fame but by love—to do for any who love them, for all who are dependent upon them.'"

AN ENGLISH AUTHOR.

In the death of Charlotte M. Yonge, last March, England lost an author widely read and loved by the young people the world over. About fifty years ago Miss Yonge began to write books that were good, without leaving all the real life and interest out. She published nearly fifty volumes, some fiction, some historical, and some founded on classical myths.

Her most popular book was "The Heir of Redclyffe."

It has been translated into seven different languages. The proceeds from the sale of this book were used in the fitting out of Bishop Selwynn's missionary schooner, "Southern Cross." She also gave \$10,000 from the proceeds of another book to establish a missionary college at Auckland, New Zealand, for she was very devoted to the English Church.

Three years ago her literary and religious work was recognized by the Princess of Wales and the Archbishop of Canterbury. They headed a movement to establish a university scholarship in honor of Miss Yonge, because of the good she had done as "a pioneer of religious, high-toned literature for young people."

Miss Yonge was born at Otterbourne, England, in 1823, and there she lived for seventy-eight years. She died in this home, March 25, 1901.

ARTIFICIAL STONE.

An Englishman proposes to make artificial stone at Montreal, as it can be made cheaper than the natural stone can be bought. The stone is to be made of lime and sand, and takes about fifty hours. It can be molded in any form, and is of a handsome gray color. Factories for making this stone have already been built in England, Australia, South Africa and Europe.

SARDINES.

Do you know where sardines come from? They swim about in the sea under the name of pilchards. This fish lives in the Atlantic from Land's End to France, along the Cornish coast of England, and along Brittany, France, into the Bay of Biscay. Thousands

are brought into St. Ives, England, in a day. The smallest fish go to the sardine canneries, others are salted, and others are sold on the streets for "six-a-penny." But the fish never is known as a sardine until it is sealed in a tin.

GREENWICH'S BIG CLOCK.

Regulating the big Observatory clock at Greenwich, which is never allowed to get more than a tenth of a second fast or slow, as it furnishes correct time for most of Europe, is interesting work. Of course the hands cannot be turned such a short distance in the usual way. Near the pendulum is an electro-magnet that attracts the swinging metal the least bit, when the electrical current is switched on. This current is timed so that the magnet delays the pendulum if the clock is fast, or quickens it if the clock is slow. In this way, in a few thousand swings, the error of a tenth of a second is corrected.

A REMARKABLE CANAL.

One of the most remarkable canals in the world is in the north of England between Worsley and St. Helens. It is an underground canal sixteen miles long, used to transport coal and to drain the Lancashire mines at the same time. Canal boats are used on this canal, and are propelled by men who lie on their backs upon loads of coal and push with their feet against cross bars, placed at intervals on the roof of the tunnel.

* * * * *

The monument to King Alfred the Great, now being prepared, is one of the most remarkable pieces of

sculpture in the kingdom. It is to be erected in Winchester, England.

* * * * *

Fruit culture is often conducted on a large scale in little England. A manufacturer of jam and jelly has a thousand acres near Cambridge, employing at times 300 hands. The factory is in the center of the farm.

* * * * *

Nearly 1,200 boys and girls are licensed by the City Council of Liverpool to sell newspapers, matches, shoe laces. etc., upon the streets.

* * * * *

The British Government intends to use cyclists for the purpose of guarding the railway in South Africa. This is an exceedingly useful plan.

* * * * *

England is alarmed at the increase in the use of malt liquors, and is creating a sentiment among the upper classes for measures to restrain intemperance. It is said that the present increase of intemperance is confined to the lower classes.

* * * * *

It is said that 30,000 persons visited Shakespeare's house last year, at Stratford-on-Avon. The town of Stratford is almost entirely supported by these visitors, and almost every article of merchandise on sale in the place has been converted into a Stratford or Shakesperian relic.

TEACHER'S SUPPLEMENT.

THE TRAVEL CLASS,

The taking of imaginary journeys makes geography a live subject.

Suggest that your pupils organize a Travel Club, and that some of the trips be personally conducted.

Maps and a globe should be in constant use. The home should be the starting point. Railroad circulars, maps and time cards for free distribution will be found valuable. Pupils should be taught how to *use* these maps and time cards.

Give pupils a choice as to routes or roads over which they are to travel. Each pupil, however, should be able to give a reason for his preference for any particular road, and must know the number of miles and the time required for the journey. The road or route voted upon by the majority may then be decided upon, and preparations made for the trip.

Find out the best time to go to each particular country, and the reason. What clothes it will be best to wear and to take with one. About how much money it will be necessary to spend on such a trip, and when and where this money should be changed into the coin or currency used in the country we expect to visit.

A *Guide* may be appointed to obtain time-tables, maps, railroad guides, the little books of travel, or other descriptions of routes and of the parts of the country that are to be visited. (Further suggestions in regard to these "helps" will be found elsewhere in this book.)

The principal features of the country passed through may be described, if time permits; also the more important cities. Note the population, occupations, productions, together with anything of special interest or historical importance associated with the city or locality.

The *Guide* takes charge of the class in the same way that a tourist guide would do. He escorts us from the home depot to the city, state, or country, pointing out the route on a map suspended before the class.

Arriving at the city or country, he takes us to the various points of interest, telling as much about each as he is able, and answering questions pupils may wish to ask. If the guide can not answer all questions, the teacher or some other member of the party may.

When the guide has finished with a topic or section, other members of the party may give items of interest concerning it.

A different pupil may act as guide to each city or part of the country visited, and each pupil should come to the class with a list of questions about the places.

Every pupil in the class may take some part, either as guide, or as the class artist, musician, librarian, historian, geographer, geologist, botanist, zoologist, or man of letters.

A *Historian* may tell us of the history of the country, and answer all questions of historical interest.

A *Geographer* may tell of the location on the globe, of the natural land formations of mountains, canons, prairies, rivers, etc., and of the climate resulting from these. He should illustrate his remarks.

A *Geologist* may assist and show specimens of minerals and fossils, or pictures of these.

A *Botanist* may tell us of native plants, useful or ornamental, and show pictures of these if possible. A *Zoologist* tells of the native animals, their habits and uses.

The geographer, geologist, botanist and zoologist direct the work at the sand table, and assist in reproducing the country in miniature.

The *Merchants and Tradesmen* tell us of the products for which their country is noted, and show samples of as many as it is possible to secure. They also tell what they import, and why.

A *Librarian* or Correspondent may visit the library for information sought by the club. He must be able to give a list of books of travel, and be ready to read or quote extracts referring to the places visited on the tour.

He or his assistant may also clip all articles of interest from papers, magazines, and other sources, and arrange these, as well

as the articles secured by other pupils, in a scrap-book devoted to each country.

The *Artist* and his assistant may tell us about the famous artists and their works, if any. He may illustrate his remarks with pictures, if he can obtain or make them.

The *Club Artist* may also place upon the board in colored crayons the flag, the coat-of-arms, and the national flower of the country.

A *Photographer* may be appointed to provide or care for the photographs and pictures used in the class talks. The photographs may often be borrowed from tourists or others. Pictures may be obtained from magazines, railroad pamphlets, the illustrated papers, or from the Perry Pictures, and mounted on cardboard or arranged by the artist in a scrap-book, with the name of the country on the cover.

If the members of the travel or geography class are not provided with the "LITTLE JOURNEYS," the teacher should have at least two copies. The pictures from one of these books should be removed and mounted for class use. They may be mounted on a screen or on cardboard, and placed about the room or grouped in a corner. They should be allowed to remain there during the month, that all the pupils may have an opportunity to examine them.

Another pupil may collect curiosities. Many families in each neighborhood will be able to contribute some curio. Pupils in other rooms in the building will be interested in collecting and loaning material for this little museum and picture gallery.

Coins and stamps may be placed with this collection. Begin a stamp album, and collect the stamps of all the countries studied. The stamps of many countries show the heads of the rulers.

The album should be kept on the reading-table with the scrap-books, in order that pupils may have access to it during their periods of leisure.

Dolls may be dressed in the national costume or to represent historical personages.

This form of construction work may be done outside of school hours by pupils under the direction of the historian and artist.

The dolls, when dressed, may be made the centers of court, home, field or forest scenes arranged on the sand-table.

A *Musician* or musicians may tell us of the characteristic music of the country, and of famous singers or composers. She may also sing or play the national song or air of the country, if there be one.

The singer should be dressed in national costume, if it is possible to secure it, or to make it out of calico, paper, or some other cheap material.

A *Man of Letters* may tell of the famous men and women of the country through which we are traveling, and may visit their homes with us. He may call attention to the literature of the people and give selections from noted writers from or about the places visited.

CLASS WORK.

Few things add more charm to the history and geography of a country than good inspiring stories of really noble people connected with the country under discussion. For England the beautiful stories of Grace Darling, Florence Nightingale and Elizabeth Fry should be given. These and others who have to do with English History, as Wellington, Nelson, Cromwell, Queen Elizabeth, Queen Victoria and Gladstone, may also be given places in the programme of the Afternoon in England. Stories with a historical background are valuable aids in imparting geographical knowledge. In studying England read parts of "Robin Hood," and let pupils find Sherwood Forest, Nottingham and other places mentioned.

Read selections from and about Dickens, Thackeray, Kingsley, Mrs. Burnett, Hannah Moore, Mrs. Hemans, Tennyson, Wordsworth, Jean Ingelow and others. Among the poems for study memorizing or recitations for the Afternoon in England are "Ivy Green" by Dickens; "The Recessional" and "L'Envoi" by Kipling; "A Youthful Hero," "The Ride from Ghent to Aix" and "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" by Browning; "The Beggars" "Solitary Reaper," "The Excursion," "We are Seven," the "Daffodils" and the "Rainbow" by Wordsworth; the "Bugle Song," "The Sea Shell," "The Revenge," "Godiva," "The Charge

of the Light Brigade," "Break, Break, Break" by Tennyson; the "Coral Reef," "Tom, the Water Baby," "Nature's Treasure Boxes" "Sands o' Dee," "Old Cheron's School," by Kingsley, "I Remember, I Remember," by Hood.

Other poems suitable for study or recitation may be found in Longfellow's "Poems of Places." Among these are "The Atlantic Cable," by Whittier; "America and Great Britain," Alston; "The Warden of the Cinque Parts," Longfellow; "Lake Land," Payne; "In York," Aitken; "The Ivy of Kenilworth," Hemans; "The High Tide," Ingelow; "Lodore," Southey; "Robin Hood," Parker; "Elegy Written in a Country Church Yard," Gray; "A Long Story," Gray; "Stratford on Avon," Bell.

Prose selections may also be read from a number of English Authors, as Charles Dickens' Letter to His Son, The Shipwreck, Mr. Winkle on Skates, The Doll's Dressmaker, the School-master and the Sick Scholar, The Storm, How Duke William Made Himself King, Death of Little Nell, Christmas at the Cratchits.

Tell the story of England's famous artists, Reynolds, West, Turner, Landseer and others and have copies of their best known paintings brought into the school-room.

Sir Joshua Reynolds was the Prince of Child-painters, and among those which the pupils will enjoy are "The Strawberry Girl," "Penelope Boothby," "Angel Heads" and "Simplicity." Others are "Nature," by Lawrence; "Rustic Children," by Gainesborough, and the "Fighting Teineraire," by Turner; "Cherry Ripe," "The Princess in the Tower" and "Princess Elizabeth," by Millais; "Spring," "Summer," "Autumn" and "Winter," and the "Golden Stair," by Burne Jones; "Shoeing the Horse," "King of the Forest," "The Challenge," "Piper and Nutcrackers," "The Sick Monkey," "The Deer Pass" and many others by Landseer. Almost all of the pictures mentioned may be found among the Perry pictures and bought at a penny apiece.

SONGS.

A number of Tennyson's poems have been set to music. Among these are "The Brook" and "Sweet and Low." The latter may be found in the Academy Song Book, published by Ginn & Co. In the same book may be found a number of other songs

which might be used for the special exercises. Among these are "Underneath the Briny Sea," "Down the Hill," "Source of Song," "Football Song," "The Voice of the Bell," "Harrow Marches Onward," "St. Jobs," "Willow the King," "Five Hundred Faces," "In Days of Old,"—all Harrow School songs,— "Eaton Boating Song," "The King's Highway," "Isle of Beauty," and "London Bridge."

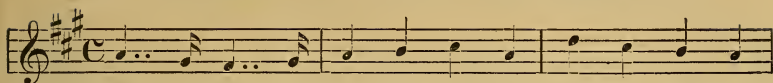
AN AFTERNOON IN ENGLAND.

The class or club has now completed the study of England and Wales, and is ready for a review. The work may be summed up in the first volume on England, which was devoted to Liverpool and London. The same suggestions may be used for room decorations, for this afternoon's entertainment as for the other.

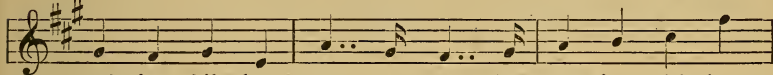
PROGRAMME.

1. Around About London.
2. Brighton.
3. The Isle of Wight.
4. Tennyson.
5. Song, "The Brook," by Tennyson, or, "Sweet and Low."
6. Recitation, "The Fair Homes of England."
(Poem given in preceding volume on England.)
7. English Homes.
8. The Farmer.
9. The Laborer.
10. Song, "A Miller of the Dee."
11. English People.
12. Child Life.
13. English Possessions.
14. Recitation, "Ye Mariners of England."
15. England Long Ago.
16. Song, "March of the Men of Harlech."
17. England To-day.
18. Northern England.
19. Manufacturing Cities of England.
20. The Garden of England.

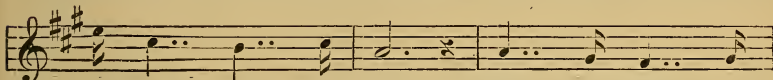
MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH.



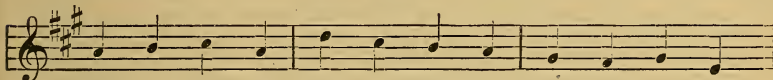
1. Men of Har - lech! in the hol - low, Do ye hear, like
2. Rock - y steeps and pass - es nar - row Flash with spear and



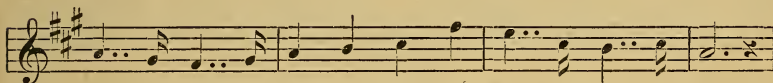
rush - ing bil - low, Wave on wave that surg - ing fol - low
flight of ar - row, Who would think of death or sor - row?



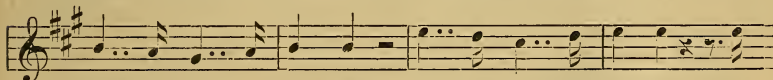
Bat - tle's dis - tant sound? 'Tis the tramp of
Death is glo - ry now! Hurl the reel - ing



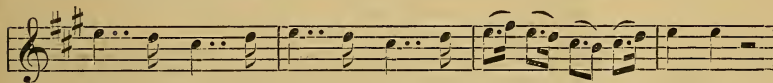
Sax - on foe - men, Sax - on spear - men, Sax - on bow - men;
horse - man o - ver, Let the earth dead foe - men cov - er!



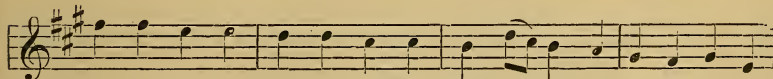
Be they knights, or hinds, or yoe - men, They shall bite the ground!
Fate of friend, of wife, of lov - er, Trem - bles on a blow!



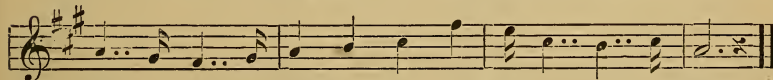
Loose the folds a - sun - der, Flag we con - quer un - der! The
Strands of life are riv - en; Blow for blow is giv - en In



plac - id sky, now bright on high, Shall launch its bolts in thunder!
dead - ly lock, or bat - tle shock, And mer - cy shrieks to heav - en!



Onward! 'tis our country needs us; He is brav - est, he who leads us!
Men of Harlech! young or hoar - y, Would you win a name in sto - ry!



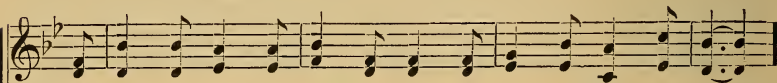
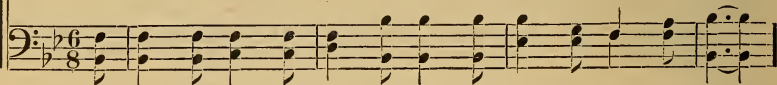
Hon - or's self now proud - ly heads us! Freedom! God, and Right!
Strike for home, for life, for glo - ry! Freedom! God, and Right!

THE MILLER OF THE DEE.

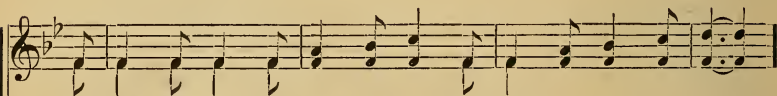
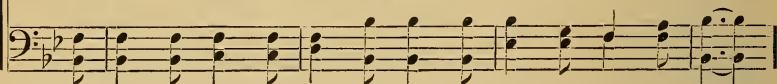
CHARLES MACKAY.



1. There dwelt a mill - er, hale and bold, Be - side the riv - er Dee;
2. "Thou'rt wrong, my friend!" said old King Hal, "As wrong as wrong can be;
3. The mill - er smiled and doffed his cap: "I earn my bread," quoth he;
4. "Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while, "Farewell! and hap - py be;



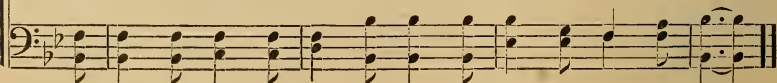
He wrought and sang from morn till night, No lark more blithe than he;
For could my heart be light as thine, I'd glad - ly change with thee.
"I love my wife, I love my friend, I love my chil - dren three.
But say no more, if thou'dst be true, That no one en - vies thee;



And this the bur - den of his song For - ev - er used to be,
And tell me now what makes thee sing With voice so loud and free,
I owe no debt I can - not pay, I thank the riv - er Dee
Thy meal - y cap is worth my crown; Thy mill my kingdom's fee!



"I en - vy no one—no, not I! And no one en - vies me!"
While I am sad, tho' I'm the King, Be - side the riv - er Dee?"
That turns the mill that grinds the corn To feed my babes and me!"
Such men as thou are England's boast, O mill - er of the Dee!"



21. Recitation, "Ivy Green."
22. Oxford.
23. Boating Song.
24. Southern England.
25. Recitation, "The Seafarers" or "The Wives of Brixham."
26. England's Famous Queens.
27. England's Heroes—Nelson and Wellington.
28. Famous English Women—Grace Darling, Florence Nightingale and Elizabeth Fry.
29. Song, "Rule Britannia."

RECITATIONS FOR THE PROGRAMME.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Ye mariners of England,
 That guard our native seas!
 Whose flag has braved a thousand years
 The battle and the breeze!
 Your glorious standard launch again
 To match another foe,
 And sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow;
 While the battle rages loud and long
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
 Shall start from every wave—
 For the deck it was their field of fame,
 And ocean was their grave;
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
 Your manly hearts shall glow.
 As ye sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow;
 While the battle rages loud and long
 And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
 No towers along the steep;

Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
 Her home is on the deep;
 With thunders from her native oak
 She quells the floods below—
 As they roar on the shore,
 When the stormy winds do blow;
 When the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England;
 Shall yet terrific burn,
 Till danger's troubled night depart,
 And the star of peace return.
 Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
 Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name,
 When the storm has ceased to blow;
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,
 And the storm has ceased to blow.
 —*Thomas Campbell.*

THE IVY GREEN.

Oh, a dainty plant is the ivy green,
 That creepeth o'er ruins old!
 On right choice food are his meals, I ween,
 In his cell so lone and cold.
 The walls must be crumbled, the stones decayed,
 To pleasure his dainty whim;
 And the moldering dust that years have made,
 Is a merry meal for him;
 Creeping where no life is seen,
 A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, tho' he wears no wings,
 And a stanch old heart has he;
 How closely he twineth, how tight he clings
 To his friend, the huge oak tree!

And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves;
And he joyously twines and hugs around,
The rich mold of dead men's graves,
Creeping where grim death has been,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,
And nations have scattered been;
But the stout old ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days,
Shall fatten on the past;
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the ivy's food at last;
Creeping where time has been,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

—*Charles Dickens.*

SEAFARERS.

The traders that hail from the Clyde,
And the whalers that sail from Dundee,
Put forth in their season on top of the tide
To gather the grist of the sea,
To ply in the lanes of the sea.

By fairway and channel and sound,
By shoal and deep water they go,
Guessing the course by the feel of the ground,
Or chasing the drift of the floe—
Nor'west, in the track of the floe.

And we steer them to harbor afar,
At hazard we win them abroad,
When the coral is furrowed by keels on the bar,
And the sea-floor is swept by the Lord,
The anchorage dredged by the Lord.

And what of the cargo ye bring,
For the venture ye bore over seas?
What of the treasure ye put forth to wring
From the chances of billow and breeze?
In spite of the billow and breeze.

Oh, we carry the keys of the earth,
And the password of Empire we bear!
Wherever the beaches held promise of worth,
We 'stablished your sovereignty there;
We planted your flag over there.
PERCIVAL GIBBON, *in the London Spectator*.

THE WIVES OF BRIXHAM.

The merry boats of Brixham
Go out to search the seas;
A stanch and sturdy fleet are they,
Who love a swinging breeze;
And before the woods of Devon,
And the silver cliffs of Wales
You may see when summer evenings fall
The light upon their sails.

But when the year grows darker,
And gray winds hunt the foam,
They go back to Little Brixham
And ply their toil at home.
And thus it chanced one winter's night,
When a storm began to roar,
That all the men were out at sea,
And all the wives on shore.

Then as the wind grew fiercer,
The women's cheeks grew white—
It was fiercer in the twilight,
And fiercest in the night.
The strong clouds set themselves like ice,

Without a star to melt;
The blackness of the darkness,
Was darkness to be felt.

The old men they were anxious,
They dreaded what they knew;
What do you think the women did?
Love taught them what to do!
Out spake a wife, "We've beds at home,
We'll burn them for a light,—
Give us the men and the bare ground,
We want no more to-night."

They took the grandame's blanket,
Who shivered and bade them go;
They took the baby's pillow,
Who could not say them no;
And they heaped a great fire on the pier,
And knew not all the while
If they were heaping a bonfire,
Or only a funeral pile.

And fed with precious food the flame
Shone bravely on the black,
Till a cry rang through the people,
"A boat is coming back!"
Staggering dimly through the fog
Come shapes of fear and doubt,
But when the first prow strikes the pier,
Cannot you hear them shout?

Then all along the breath of flame,
Dark figures shrieked and ran,
With "Child, here comes your father!"
Or "Wife, is this your man?"
And faint feet touch the welcome shore
And wait a little while;

And kisses drop from frozen lips,
Too tired to speak or smile.

So, one by one, they struggled in,
All that the sea would spare;
We will not reckon through our tears
The names that were not there;
But some went home without a bed,
When all the tale was told,
Who were too cold with sorrow
To know the night was cold.

And this is what the men must do
Who work in wind and foam;
And this is what the women bear
Who watch for them at home.
So when you see a Brixham boat
Go out to face the gales,
Think of the love that travels
Like light upon her sails.

—*Selected.*

GEMS.

(To be Recited.)

“Do the work that’s nearest,
Though it’s dull at whiles;
Helping when we meet them
Lame dogs over styles.
See in every hedge-row,
Marks of angels’ feet;
Epics in each pebble
Underneath our feet.
Not a life so mean or lowly
But, if love is there,
Both ingrowing and outflowing,
May be strong and fair.”

—*Charles Kingsley.*

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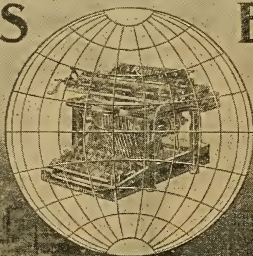
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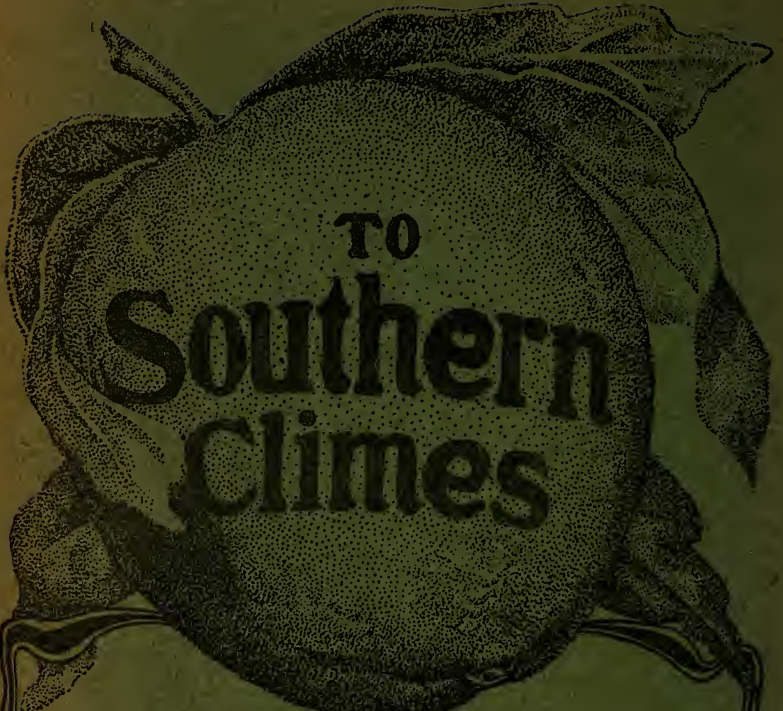
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